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The War • The Home Front • The People
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COVER SHOT: *In England on the evening of June 5, 1944, paratroopers of Company E of the 502nd Parachute Infantry get a pep talk from General Dwight Eisenhower. On his orders, they will jump into France late that night, launching D-Day for the Normandy Invasion.* LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

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★ KILROY WAS HERE

The Fighting Amish?

I LIVE NEAR THE AMISH OF LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA. They're hard to miss when they're out and about. There's the trademark horse and buggy. There's the clothing—women in bonnets and long dresses with aprons, men in wide-brimmed hats and black baggy pants with suspenders. And then there are the beards, long and full, without a mustache. I wondered many years about the missing mustache before discovering the reasoning behind it: back in the day, mustaches were for the military. The Amish are decidedly not military. They oppose violence of any sort, even in self-defense.

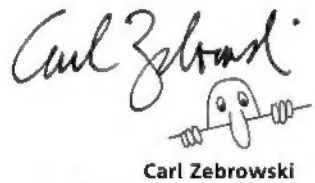
It can't be easy being a pacifist. In theory it's ethical and honorable. But theory doesn't always survive the onslaught of reality. It's a rough world out there, with some places constantly at war and many others on the verge of it. What does a pacifist do when push literally comes to shove?

World War II was push coming to shove in a big way. It wasn't just any war, after all—it was "the Good War." The face of the enemy was Adolf Hitler, and he looked evil to the core, starting a war to take over Europe as he systematically worked to exterminate the Jewish race. It was enough to make even the most devoted pacifists rethink their ideals.

Many did. Years ago, I read *A Quaker Book of Wisdom* by Robert Lawrence Smith, former headmaster of the acclaimed Sidwell Friends School in Washington, DC (where the Obama girls go). I recall being shocked by what must have been an agonizing decision for him. "During World War II," he wrote, "I, along with many other Quakers, found myself unable to follow faithfully in the way of the peacemaker because of my concern about the practical consequences for others, who were being so cruelly oppressed." It was a tough call that fellow Quakers and other pacifists didn't necessarily support. But he decided Adolf Hitler had to be stopped and that he would be part of stopping him—with gun in hand.

Other pacifists stuck to their pacifism during the war. Many ended up in the Civilian Public Service instead of the military, fulfilling in a different way their obligation to serve their country. They did various important jobs here in the States. Still, many neighbors, relatives, and friends gave them a hard time. They were seen as shirkers and cowards (though surely those who parachuted into forest fires or volunteered as guinea pigs in medical experiments weren't avoiding duty or danger). I don't imagine many conscientious objectors made their decisions for reasons other than deep personal conviction.

Bob Gabrick and Barbara Markham write about the men of the Civilian Public Service in this issue. That's what started me thinking about this. So many ideas and questions came up while reading his story. One image that popped into my head captures some of the pacifist dilemma. I saw an Amish man wearing a combat helmet, aiming a Browning Automatic Rifle. He had his suspenders on, holding up his baggy pants. There was no mustache. It's complicated.



Carl Zebrowski
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V-MAIL

WORLD WAR II'S TOP FIGHTER

I DON'T KNOW WHERE you got your information to write the article in the latest issue of America in World War II, on page 8 [February 2014, Landings, "Warplanes on the National Mall," by Robert Gabrick]. It is obvious that you never flew either of the planes—the P-38 [Lockheed Lightning] or the P-51 [North American Mustang]—because if you had, you would not name the P-51 as the best fighter of World War II. If you check the records, you will find that the three leading aces of World War II flew P-38s, not P-51s. To me, that makes the P-38 the best.

I myself am a veteran, a recon and fighter pilot of WWII, and flew 101 missions. I was not the best pilot of the era, but I have the P-38 to credit for my success. I destroyed 3.5 planes in the air and 7 on the ground. I got a little banged up on a few missions, but I made it back each time because of the P-38.

LEONARD GOLD
New York, New York

Robert Gabrick responds: *I appreciate your response to my article about the National Air and Space Museum in Washington, DC. It is particularly meaningful from a WWII veteran with an admirable record. I commend you for your service.*

In the article, I said the P-51D was "arguably the best fighter in the war." This suggests that, like you, some aviation authorities disagree, while others agree, with the conclusion. My comment, based on my research, indicates that while most sources, even the Smithsonian Institution, consider the P-51 to be the "best," not everyone shares that view.

Both planes had many admirable qualities and extraordinary pilots. The P-38 had the top two aces—Richard Bong (40) and Thomas McGuire (38)—while the P-51 had the next three highest-ranked aces—Dominic Gentile (35), John Godfrey (31), and Glenn Eagleston (23). Such accomplishments reflect the skills these men possessed as pilots, the circumstances of war, and the planes they flew.

Some authorities consider the volume of production a factor in assessing the relative rankings. Records indicate P-51 production totaled 15,386, compared to 10,037 P-38s. However, the P-38 was the only US aircraft in constant production from Pearl Harbor to V-J Day. The theater of operations matters to others, with the P-51 considered the best in the European theater, while the P-38 was the best in the Pacific.

MY DAD THE AIRCRAFT MECHANIC

ON PAGE 9 OF YOUR February 2014 issue, under your departments section Landings ["Warplanes on the National Mall"], the

COURTESY OF FRANK J. SAVODSKY, JR.

During the war, Frank Savodsky, Sr., worked on Pratt and Whitney R-2800 engines like the one he's standing by here, inside the National Air and Space Museum.

engine in question is not a Rolls-Royce Merlin, but a Pratt and Whitney R-2800. The attached picture of my dad, Frank Zavodsky, Sr., was taken in front of the same engine when my brothers and I took him to the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum in Washington, DC. People gathered around when Dad was explaining the intricacies of the R-2800.

Dad enlisted in the navy during July 1941 and became an aircraft mechanic. His experience in World War II and with an engine shop working with the R-2800 helped him land a job with Pratt and Whitney in the 1950s, working on their Howard 500s. Dad worked through most of the 1980s. At times I envy my father's experiences. He started out working with dope and fabric and round motors and ended up working with advanced airframes, engines, and systems.

FRANK J. ZAVODSKY, JR.
received via e-mail

WHEN A BIKINI IS NOT A BIKINI

I ALWAYS ENJOY the magazine, especially the classic pinup girls. However, two corrections need to be noted in the February 2014 issue:

On page 6 [Pinup], the description of the bathing suit worn by Chili Williams is described as "her signature bikini." At the time, it would have been described as a "two-piece bathing suit." The term "bikini" was not used until 1946, by a French designer, with the bottom part of his suit being smaller (it exposed the navel) than the traditional two-piece suit.

Page 31 ("Steagles to the Rescue!") makes mention of Mitchel Field near New York City, except that the name Mitchel is incorrectly spelled with two Ls. The field was named after former New York City Mayor John Purroy Mitchel, who was killed in Louisiana while training for the air service in World War I.

FRANK KALINOWSKI
received via e-mail

GREMLINS

February 2014: *Landings, "Warplanes on the National Mall"—Although Messerschmitt Bf 109s flew in the Battle of Britain, they were not model Bf 109Gs; likewise, Mitsubishi A6M Zeros attacked Pearl Harbor, but not model A6M5s. Also, the B-26 was a medium bomber, not a fighter, and the Hughes H-1 aircraft was designed* for, *not* by, *Howard Hughes.*

Send us your comments and reactions—especially the favorable ones! Mail them to V-Mail, America in WWII, 4711 Queen Avenue, Suite 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109, or e-mail them to editor@americainwwii.com.

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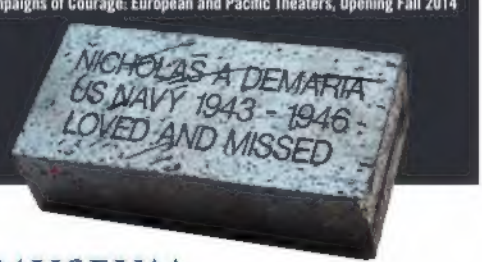

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PHOTO FROM THE US ARMY WEEKLY PUBLICATION
YANK DOWN UNDER, APRIL 21, 1944

MARGIE STEWART MAY BE the only pinup girl whose career nearly ended because she was too wholesome. First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt attempted to stop circulation of army posters featuring the actress, believing Stewart's girl-next-door look would stir up homesickness in the troops overseas. If Roosevelt's fears were on target, then soldiers must have enjoyed being homesick, because requests for Stewart's photos kept pouring in.

Born in 1919, Stewart grew up in Wabash, Indiana. By 1942, she was in Los Angeles with an RKO movie contract. From 1942 to 1945, she performed in 20 films, usually uncredited.

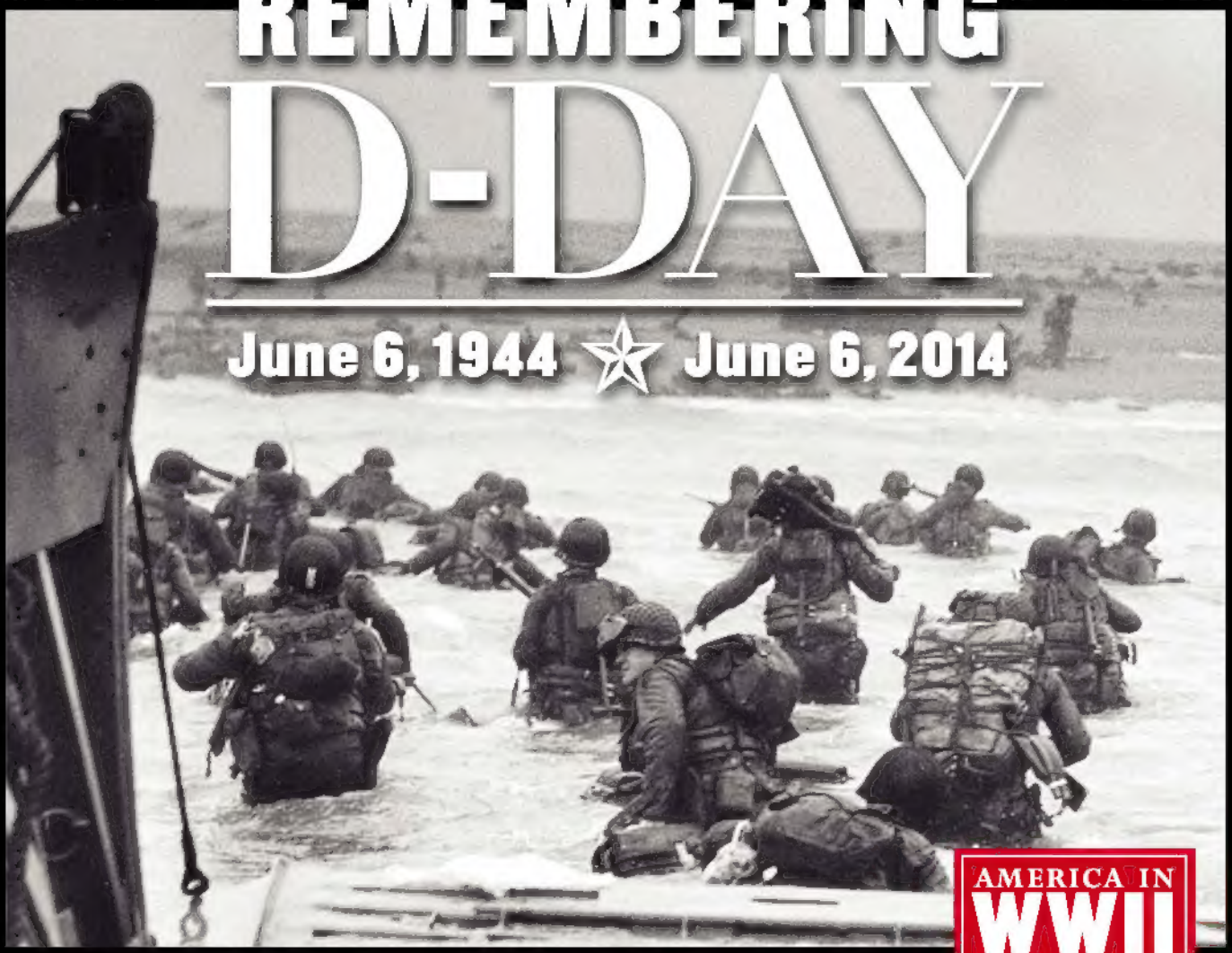
Between movies, she was asked to be the official US Army poster girl. She accepted, and despite Eleanor Roosevelt's best efforts, the army distributed about 94 million copies of 12 posters featuring Stewart, sending them across the globe.

In 1945, Stewart left the silver screen and spent two months visiting troops in Europe. Arriving back in Los Angeles, she worked at the Hollywood Bowl, booking musical acts.

Many said Stewart was too down-to-earth for stardom. Later, she admitted, "I never wanted to be a star. I still wanted to be me." ★

—Allison Charles
editorial intern

REMEMBERING D-DAY



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And They're Off—And On Again

by Carl Zebrowski

It was New Year's Day 1945. Allied armies were marching toward Germany. Japan was getting pushed back toward its home islands. Americans were beginning to see light at the end of a long, dark tunnel of war. As they ate pork and sauerkraut, listened to the Rose Bowl on the radio, and daydreamed about their boys coming home, they probably weren't thinking about the trouble with horse racing. But they weren't James F. Byrnes.

James F. Byrnes, the director of the US Office of War Mobilization, worried about the manpower and resources that racing consumed. Thousands of able-bodied workers kept stables and tracks operating. Fans wore tons of rubber off their tires and burned untold gallons of gasoline getting to tracks to toss money away on bets. Byrnes had long wanted to shut the sport down. On January 3, 1945, he did. Horse racing was banned—the only sport the government prohibited during the war.

Byrnes had to overcome powerful interests to enact his ban. There was an awful lot of money in thoroughbred racing. Americans pulling high salaries from lucrative wartime jobs had money to spare. Gambling, which then usually meant horse racing, offered excitement and the chance to multiply earnings in an instant.

Even as millions of GIs shipped out to fight the war, track attendance grew to 17 million from a prewar 15 million. From 1943 to 1944, total bets nearly doubled, from $705 million to $1.2 billion. Hialeah Park near Miami booked a record-setting $640,000 on opening day 1944—$200,000 more than the previous high. New York State tracks figured out the average fan out for a day at the races bet $91.22. "America was off on the damnedest gambling binge in history," wrote Dan Parker, sports editor

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Count Fleet finishes first in the 1943 Kentucky Derby. He then would win the Preakness and the Belmont—the Triple Crown.

of the New York *Daily News*. "Almost everyone was playing the horses."

Tracks put much of their increased earnings into keeping the horses running, hiring high-priced PR flaks to persuade on their behalf. Those pros claimed that by absorbing excess money from the economy, gambling kept a lid on inflation. It also boosted citizen morale by putting excitement in the lives of the war-weary. And then there was the extra tax money it brought in.

Racetracks also cleaned up their image. They closed parking lots to encourage the use of public transportation, donated to charities, and promoted war bond sales.

The government almost turned off the money spigot in early 1943. The horses still ran, and the first race of the Triple Crown of Thoroughbred Racing, the Kentucky Derby, went off as planned on May 1. But there was a crackdown on travel, and no tickets were sold to out-of-towners. That year, America's oldest continuous sporting event was dubbed the Streetcar Derby.

Despite all that, 50,000 people walked through the gates of Churchill Downs, a fair number of them GIs who received free passes. Spectators filled the famous infield, enjoying the traditional mint juleps and the stew called burgoo. Men in tailored suits and women in fancy dresses and big hats took up the good seats in Millionaires Row. The University of Louisville Marching Band kicked off the festivities with "My Old Kentucky Home."

Finally came the big race, and the competitors strolled onto the track. "It was as if the horses in the Derby captured the military spirit of the times," reported the racing newspaper *Blood Horse*. "They marched around the track almost exactly according to their rank, as indicated on the mutuel boards [the odds for each to win] on the infield." Two minutes and four seconds after the starting gun, Count Fleet finished the mile and a quarter ahead of the others.

Count Fleet proved to be a fantastic horse. He went on to the Triple Crown's second race, the Preakness Stakes in Baltimore, and won easily. Then he ran the Belmont Stakes in New York State and trounced the second-place finisher by 25 lengths to win the Triple Crown. On the downside, he injured a foot and had to retire.

After a 1944 season that was less exciting than 1943's, horse racing had to cope with Byrnes's shutdown. Fortunately, it didn't last long. Kentucky Derby weekend came and went, but as it did, the Allies forced Germany to surrender. Racing resumed, and the derby was run just a few weeks late.

There was no Triple Crown winner to celebrate in 1945. But Americans already had plenty to be thankful for. The war was over. The boys were home. And horse racing was back. ★

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A Glow in the Dark

by Arnold T. Blumberg

When railroad engineer Alan Scott happened upon a magic lantern, he was transformed into a crusader for justice. But first he fashioned a rechargeable ring that would hold just 24 hours of the lantern's magical power at a time. Then, as the Green Lantern, he discovered that absolutely nothing could withstand his newfound might. Nothing, that is, except for wood.

Bill Finger, co-creator of Batman, and illustrator Martin Nodell introduced the Green Lantern together in the July 1940 issue of *All-American Comics*. The new hero joined the Justice Society of America for group adventures, but also flew solo in his own series.

Sometimes, looking at WWII era covers of the Green Lantern's own title, or at issues of *All-American* or *Comic Cavalcade* that featured him, you wouldn't even know there was a war on. That didn't mean the Green Lantern wasn't doing his wartime duty, though. It was just that his enemies were often the homegrown type; only occasionally did he come face to face with global Axis troublemakers. Perhaps he was purposely not interfering with his super-colleagues' efforts to duke it out with Nazi and Imperial Japanese evildoers

As happened with many WWII superheroes, the Lantern's glow faded after the German and Japanese surrenders. Many other Green Lanterns would follow in decades to come, though, most famously one named Hal Jordan. And Alan Scott would play a role in modern stories long after his final Golden Age adventure in 1951. Continually evolving and changing, Scott revealed something new in 2012: for the first time since 1940, the Green Lantern was gay. ★

Dr. Arnold T. Blumberg *is an educator and the author of books on comic books and other pop culture topics. He resides in Baltimore, Maryland.*

IMAGES COURTESY OF GEPPI'S ENTERTAINMENT MUSEUM, WWW.GEPPIMUSEUM.COM

If someone was going to find a magic lantern, it made sense that it was a railroader, since 1940s rail men used signal lanterns nightly. Green often meant "proceed with caution"—good advice for bad guys once that railroader, Alan Scott, became the Green Lantern (above, center, in his July 1940 debut). He could throw tanks (above, left, September 1942), and he backed the war effort (above, right, June 1942).

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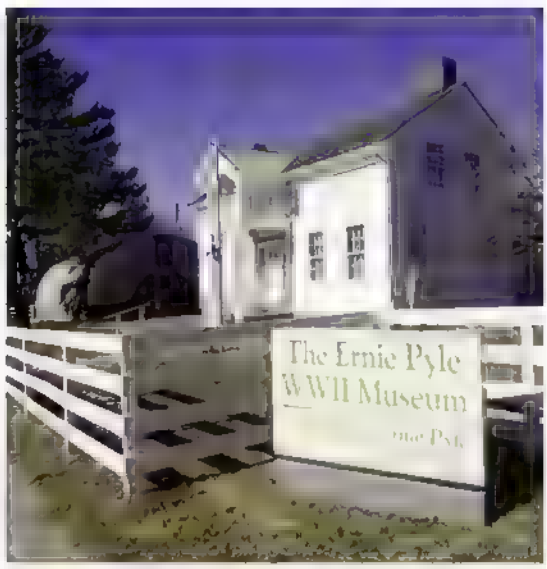
The Home Ernie Pyle Left Behind

by Holly Hays

NORMANDY. Okinawa. Anzio These are the places most people think of when they think of Ernie Pyle, one of the most famous news correspondents of World War II. They were filled with bomb craters, bodies, artillery smoke, and soldiers fighting.

In Dana, Indiana, people tend to think of a different place when they think of Ernie Pyle: Dana, Indiana. Pyle grew up near here. He's the hometown hero. And these days, locals and outsiders alike can visit his boyhood home and see mementoes of his time at the front with America's GIs, including the Purple Heart he earned the hardest way.



Ernie Pyle grew up outside Dana, Indiana. His house was later moved into town as the centerpiece of the Ernie Pyle Museum.

The Ernie Pyle Museum is what the house, with its adjacent buildings, is officially called today. It's a simple white wooden structure that used to sit outside Dana, not far from the Illinois border, on land that Pyle's father worked as a tenant farmer. Thirty years ago the house was set to be demolished, but it got a reprieve. The state then moved it into town, so it would be easier for visitors to access, encouraging more visits. Eventually two Quonset huts donated by the US Army, buildings Pyle would have been familiar with during the war, were added to the property for the storage and display of memorabilia and for re-creations of wartime scenes to aid visitors in learning about Pyle's life.

The interior of the two-story house reflects the lifestyle of a farm family in the early 1900s. The place has been restored and filled with family mementoes and contributions from members of the community. A hand-operated pump supplies water to the kitchen sink. Mrs. Pyle's own egg basket sits by a wooden table. Near a big black stove rests a coal bucket, filled not with coal but with corncobs, which were more readily available. Other rooms are filled with necessities and pleasures of country life, such as Mrs. Pyle's rocking chair and Pyle's checkerboard.

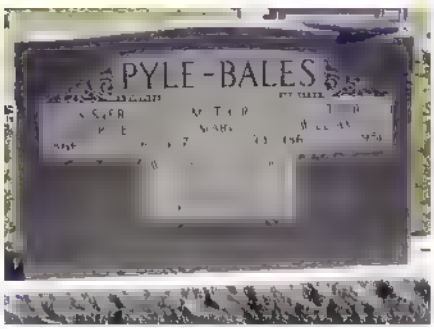
Despite the warmth and comforts of his home, Pyle was anxious to travel, and the onset of World War I made that yearning irresistible. He joined the US Naval Reserve at age 17, but the war ended before his training was finished. He then turned his attention to college, enrolling at Indiana University and majoring in journalism. But the offer of a job as a newspaper reporter in LaPorte, Indiana, lured him from school before he earned his degree.

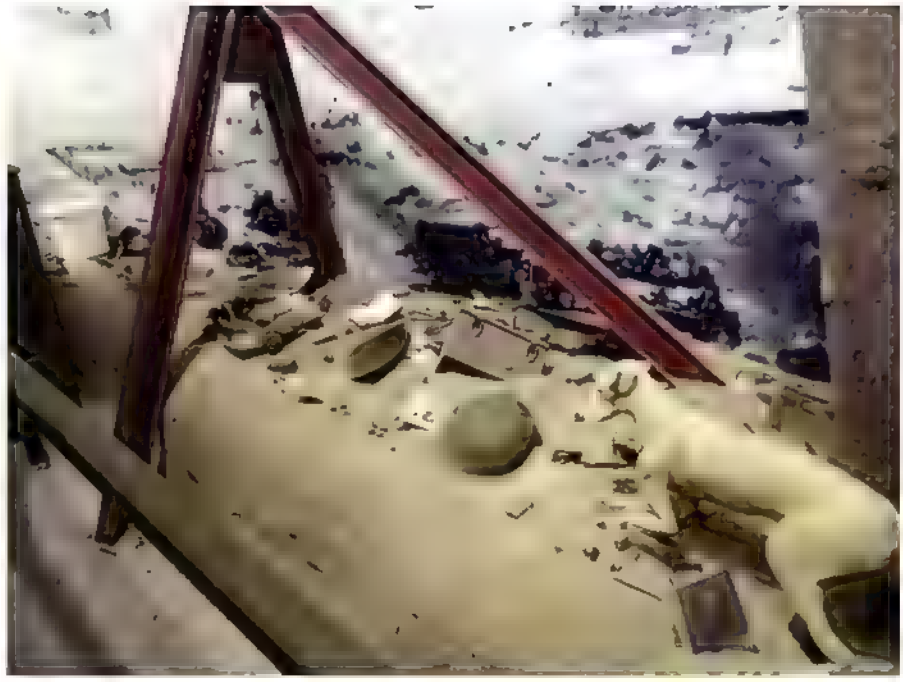
Just three months later, Pyle had set his sights higher and headed to Washington, DC, where he worked for years as a reporter and then managing editor at the Washington *Daily News*, an afternoon tabloid. The *Daily News* was owned by Scripps Howard, a news alliance that regularly circulated stories among its hundreds of papers. One of Pyle's assignments was writing the nation's first-ever daily column on aviation. That led him to meet Amelia Earhart and other stars of the world of flight.

The next turning point in Pyle's professional life arrived with a bad case of the flu. In an attempt to recover from lingering effects that were wearing down his already meager 108 pound body, Pyle left with his new wife on an extended road trip to sunny California. But the sun never showed up. Story ideas did, however, and Pyle ended up filling in for his paper's vacationing travel writer. His simple but compelling tales of the country's sights and its people caught the imagination of readers from coast to coast.

Pyle's inimitable coverage style led him to even farther travels as a war correspondent for Scripps Howard in the European and Pacific theaters. His work in those far-flung locations—essentially letters to the folks back home—earned Pyle the 1944 Pulitzer Prize for Correspondence. He is often considered an American hero for his contributions to war reporting. Without sugarcoating what he witnessed, he wrote of the human side of battles and their aftermath and how days and months of endless combat affected the soldiers. His stories featured raw emotion in a way that no one else's did.

Pyle's prize-winning stories are reflected in the exhibits in the museum's Quonset huts. Throughout these buildings are photos of Pyle with servicemen he wrote





ALL PHOTOS THIS STORY: HOLLY HAYS

Upper left: An open fireplace heated the Pyle living room back in the day. Pyle's checkerboard is propped on the chair against the wall. Lower left: The grave marker in a nearby cemetery for Pyle's parents and his aunt Mary Bales. Pyle himself is buried in the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific in Honolulu. Right: A diorama shows a D-Day scene based on Pyle's description.

about: army infantrymen in deserts, sailors on ships, marines on beaches. Display cases are full of such items as his rusty Underwood typewriter and his passport to Europe and beyond. Other cases hold copies of magazine stories about him and even a magazine advertisement for Nestlé chocolate that featured him. In the ad he explains to the folks back home that low supplies of chocolate in stateside stores are due to the need to supply soldiers who may not have anything to eat during a battle but a candy bar. There's also a copy here of the Ernie Pyle Bill, a congressional act Pyle advocated that gave combat infantrymen battle pay akin to the flight pay aircrews had been receiving. It wasn't much money—an extra $10 a month—but Pyle was doing what he could for the common soldier.

Portions of the Quonset huts are set up as scenes Pyle wrote about while overseas. A makeshift bomb shelter shields two GIs playing cards by lantern light. A jeep is parked in another scene depicting the machines of war as well as the men. Audio recordings of Pyle's stories play while visitors view the artifacts. Print versions of the stories are housed in a library accessible to researchers.

Pyle himself eventually became the subject of a war story, a tragic war story. On April 18, 1945, on a small island near Okinawa named Iejima, he was killed by Japanese gunfire. The incident is remembered here, and his Purple Heart is on display. It took special congressional approval to award this military medal to a civilian.

Although it has been decades since Pyle's death, the people of Indiana have not forgotten him. His boyhood house was dedicated as a state historic site in 1976 and put under the direction of the Indiana Department of Natural Resources. Due to funding cutbacks, the site was closed in 2009 and lost its historic site status. Two years later, in the autumn of 2011, the state turned the property over to the volunteer organization Friends of Ernie Pyle, which now owns and operates it with private funding from contributors such as the Scripps Howard Foundation and the American Legion. Members of the organization guide the tours of the museum.

The new setup might not be ideal for dealing with the financial realities of maintaining and keeping open an aging site. But it seems fitting that it's a grassroots group that keeps alive the legacy of a down-home journalist who wrote famously about the common man. Here in Dana, Indiana, everyman tells the story of the everyman storyteller. ★

IN A NUTSHELL

WHAT The Ernie Pyle World War II Museum

WHERE Dana, Indiana

WHY See the farmhouse where WWII America's favorite war correspondent grew up • Examine artifacts from different phases of Pyle's life, including childhood photos, personal effects, and his Purple Heart • Learn about the Pyle story from staff volunteers who know it well and are eager to tell it!

For more information call the museum at 765-665-3633 or visit its website at www.erniepyle.org

HOLLY HAYS *is in the Ernie Pyle Scholar honors program at the Indiana University School of Journalism, majoring in journalism with a minor in history. Last spring, she followed in the footsteps of Ernie Pyle across Europe, studying his wartime dispatches from London, Normandy, and Paris.*

70th Anniversary
countdown to
D-DAY
PART TWO
326

GIs 'INVADE' ENGLAND

War-weary Brits saw the Americans as unsoldierly, extravagant.

But as they prepared to cross the Channel together to drive the Germans out of France, Brits and Yanks became fast friends.

by Brian John Murphy

ALL EYES IN THE LIBRARY OF SOUTHWICK HOUSE in Portsmouth, England, were locked on Royal Air Force meteorologist J.M. Stagg on Sunday night, June 4, 1944. And they looked concerned. The gale outside was so strong that the rain appeared to be falling horizontally. Hope for sending forces across the English Channel this week to land on France's Normandy coast was fading fast. The fate of the largest invasion in history was coming down to a weather report.

The decision whether to stick with the planned launch date of June 6 belonged to General Dwight Eisenhower, who, as supreme commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force (SCAEF), was in charge of the operation. He would get opinions from his lieutenants, who were gathered here with him to listen to what Stagg had to say. They were British Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery, Air Marshal Trafford Leigh-Mallory, Admiral Bertram Ramsay, and Lieutenant General Walter Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's aide.

Stagg had good news. He reported that a break in the storm was coming, that there was a chance the weather on Tuesday, June 6, might allow the landings. He believed the Channel waters and the cloud cover that day would be adequate for constructing the artificial harbors known as Mulberries, for parachute drops, and for air cover. He made no promises for the days after that.

If Stagg's forecast for the 6th was wrong, the scheduled parachute landings couldn't take place, and landing craft would founder in rough seas or be dashed against the shore like toy boats. But if Eisenhower chose to delay the invasion in hopes of more certain weather, he would have to wait two weeks; that was the next time the earth and the moon would align to create a tide low enough to allow Allied landing craft crews to see enough of the Normandy shoreline

Order and calm—and a smile on the lead GI—reveal this as practice for D-Day, rather than the real thing. The troops are exiting *LCI(L)-326*, a landing craft, infantry (large).

GIs 'INVADE' ENGLAND by Brian John Murphy

to avoid submerged obstacles the Germans had planted there. He would then be giving the Germans two more weeks to bury mines, install more pillboxes, fortify machine-gun nests, dig trenches, and install and aim artillery. They would have more time to bring up additional ammunition, fuel, reinforcements, and tanks. Most of all, they would have more opportunity to get wind of the secret plans for the landings, known as Operation Neptune, the opening segment of the invasion of Normandy, known as Operation Overlord. That would erase the critical advantage of surprise that the Allies had worked so hard to create.

Eisenhower chain-smoked until the weather report was finished. Then he looked around at his lieutenants. They wanted to attack now. The room fell silent. In a quiet voice, Eisenhower said, "OK. We'll go."

Arguing about Airplanes

MONTHS BEFORE EISENHOWER MADE his nerve-wracking decision in the Southwick House library, plans to make the D-Day landings of Operation Overload a success were in full swing. Many components were in motion, and as supreme commander, Eisenhower had authority over all of them. But not all those components cooperated willingly. Lieutenant General Carl A. Spaatz, commander of US Strategic Air Forces in Europe (USSTAF), and Air Marshal Arthur "Bomber" Harris, chief of the Royal Air Force Bomber Command, resisted putting their long range aerial bombardment commands at the service of Overlord.

For many months USSTAF had used its heavy B-17 Flying Fortresses and B-24 Liberators to conduct daylight precision bombing of military, transportation, and industrial targets in Germany—at great expense in American lives and aircraft. At night the RAF's Avro Lancaster heavy bombers conducted area bombing—not limited to military targets—on German cities. This, too, cost much in destroyed aircraft and killed or captured airmen. But Harris and Spaatz believed that the RAF heavies were destroying German morale (they were not, by and large) and that the USSTAF heavies were crippling the Nazi war effort (in reality, under Albert Speer, director of Germany's war industries, most sectors held their own and some vital industries actually increased output).

Eisenhower made it plain to the air commanders that he wanted their heavy bombers hitting targets on Normandy's beaches and inland for at least two months prior to the invasion, concentrating on rail hubs, marshalling yards, railroad bridges, supply dumps, and the like. This became known as the Transportation Plan. Eisenhower wanted to force German traffic off the rails and onto surface roads, where RAF Typhoon and American P-47 Thunderbolt fighter-bombers could strafe and bomb convoys with impunity.

Spaatz and Harris protested that a two-month respite from heavy bomb raids would allow Germany to repair industrial damage and regain lost morale. So Eisenhower sent an emissary, British Major General John F. Whiteley, to talk it over with Spaatz and the USSTAF brass. Whiteley reported back that the airmen were excited by the prospective invasion and heartily wished it success. In fact, they assumed it would succeed. But Whiteley also told Eisenhower that the airmen's attitude was that they were "very sorry that they could not give direct assistance because, of course, they were more than fully occupied [with] the *really important war* against Germany." (Emphasis added.)

Eisenhower made clear to Spaatz and Harris that, for the Normandy landings to have a chance, he needed two months of heavy bombing. Harris then made the outrageous assertion that his Bomber Command aircrews, specialized as they were in nighttime area bombing, could not bomb accurately by daylight. The British further objected that the Transportation Plan would mean heavy casualties among French civilians—up to 100,000 killed. Eisenhower consulted on this with General Marie-Pierre-Joseph François Koenig, commander of the Free French forces waiting in England for the invasion. Koenig said France would willingly suffer such casualties if it meant the German occupiers would be driven out.

Spaatz, for his part, proposed that the bombers remain active above Germany until a week or two before the Normandy landings and then shift over to help Overlord. Until then, the bombers could concentrate on Germany's oil industry, bombing storage tanks, fuel dumps, and refineries. This so-called Oil Plan would starve the German defenders of Normandy of fuel for their panzer (tank) divisions and other mechanized units. The argument against the Oil Plan was that the Germans already had dozens of fuel depots scattered across northern France. In any event, it would take too long—two months or more after the landings—for the oil raids to cause a fuel shortage at the front.

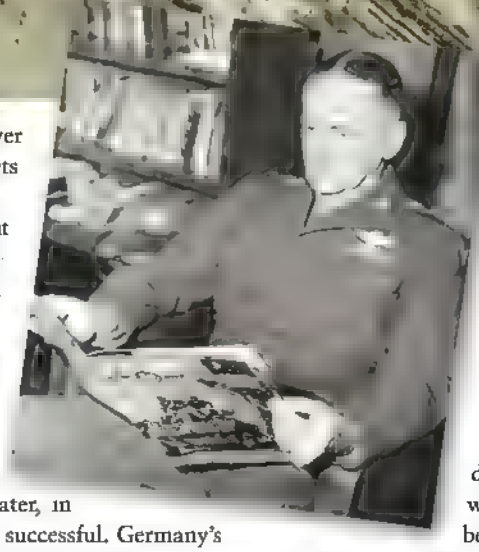
IN THE END, Ike got his bombers in a compromise backed by US Army Chief of Staff General George Marshall, US Army Air Forces chief General Henry H. "Hap" Arnold, Leigh-Mallory, and President Franklin Roosevelt. The deal held back 25 percent

ALL IMAGES THIS STORY (UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED) NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Above: GIs spill onto an English beach in another rehearsal. Opposite, top: As ground and sea forces drilled, General Dwight Eisenhower battled with his air forces. Advance bombing of German resources in France—like this March 23 pounding of Creil's rail yards—was essential for D-Day's success. Opposite, center: But Lieutenant General Carl Spaatz, head of US heavy bombers in Europe, wanted his planes over Germany.

of the heavies to continue strategic raids over Germany. The rest bombed Overlord targets in Northern France.

The Transportation Plan would turn out to be a success. German supplies and reinforcements that would have been moved from rear areas to the Normandy front in a day or two, or perhaps just hours, would be delayed many days by Allied destruction of the rail system and by Allied fighter-bombers that attacked virtually every soldier or vehicle caught using a road.



Spaatz's Oil Plan would be executed later, in September 1944, and would also be highly successful. Germany's last-ditch tank offensive in the Ardennes Forest in December–January 1944—the Battle of the Bulge—would stall when tanks and trucks literally ran out of gas far short of their objectives

Separated by a Common Language

WHILE IKE WAS FIGHTING HIS BATTLE over air power, the Overlord troop buildup was proceeding at a brisk pace, and relatively smoothly. US combat units began arriving in Great Britain, often to a warm welcome. The British citizenry was glad help had arrived at last. When the 820th Engineers landed in Scotland, they were met by a British army bagpipe band. GI Ralph Martin, landing in England with the 1st Infantry Division, recalled, "Never in my life seen such a rich, warm and sincere welcome given to anyone.... Civilians were gathered all along the railroad tracks to wave at us.... Mothers leaned out of windows and waved towels and aprons at us." The arrival of troop ships often prompted local urchins to hop into boats to greet the Yanks with pleas of "Chewing gum, Joe?"

To help with this abrupt convergence of cultures, the British government and the US Army published, at roughly the same time, guidebooks on how Americans and British could get along. British born novelist Eric Knight, author of 1940's beloved *Lassie Come-Home* and the 1941 war novel *This Above All*, wrote the American guidebook.

It wasn't just a common language that divided Americans and British, wrote Knight, who had moved to the States in the 1930s and become a US citizen in 1942. "The most evident truth of all is that in their major ways of life the British and American people are much alike.... But each country has minor characteristics which differ.... It is by causing misunderstandings over these minor differences that Hitler hopes to make his propaganda effective."

The Americans were surprised by the England they found. Knight reminded GIs, "Britain may look a little shopworn and grimy to you. The British people are anxious to have you know that you are not seeing their country at its best." Knight explained that parks looked unkempt because civilians were growing vegetables in them. Houses looked run down because exterior paint wasn't available to civilians. If the people themselves looked raggedy, it was because clothing and fabric were strictly rationed. Wearing a suit or dress until it fell apart at the seams was considered good form.

Britons with romantic notions about Americans, derived especially from the cinema, were let down by the real thing. A

GIs 'INVADE' ENGLAND by Brian John Murphy

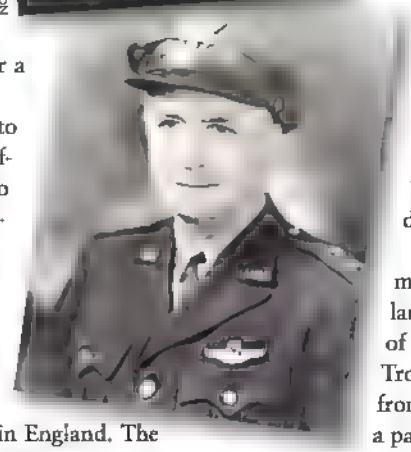
Birmingham schoolboy recalled, "We found that they didn't walk like John Wayne, talk like Spencer Tracy, dance like Fred Astaire or look like Clark Gable. They turned out to be ordinary fellows...."

There was a widespread prejudice among Brits that the naturally informal Yanks lacked soldierly qualities. American anthropologist Margaret Mead, herself married to a British man at the time, noted that the GIs' relaxed attitude put off the British. Taking some of the load off by leaning against a building, for example, looked slovenly to the Brits. "They judge the Americans...they see leaning against a wall as undisciplined, spineless, low grade people," Mead wrote.

The informality of relations between American officers and men shocked some Englishmen. One said he witnessed a private walk up to a lieutenant and say, "Hey Mac. Can I have the jeep?" Instead of the reprimand the British observer expected, the officer flipped the keys to the private.

Another thing that astonished the British was the comparative wealth of the Yanks. GIs were much better paid than their British counterparts, and some played the big-time spender, especially if girls were watching. British servicemen could barely compete for female attention. The Yanks had nicer-looking uniforms with pockets full of dough. A GI calling at an English home to meet the folks and pick up his date often came loaded for bear with high-quality American cigarettes and new razor blades for her dad, a canned ham or a roast for her mum (effectively doubling the family's meat ration), nylons, chocolate, and other home comforts that had been missing since 1939. It was a struggle for a British soldier just to take his girl to the movies.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES



While the Yanks showed off their money to spare, they found the British monetary system baffling. If something was marked £2/6/3d (two pounds, six shillings, and three pence), some perplexed GIs would simply offer the clerk a five-pound note or a handful of change and trust him to return the correct change. Less-than-honest bartenders and cabbies must have done very well during this phase of the war.

By the eve of D-Day, there were about two million American servicemen and servicewomen in England. The English and the Americans had got to know each other very well. Some were charmed by their differences. Others had their prejudices confirmed. Either way, when the Americans marched off to the invasion ports, many British families wept to see them go.

A Practice Run Turned Bloody

On the south shore of Devon county in southwestern England is a stretch of shoreline known as Slapton Sands that resembles the section of France's eastern Cotentin Peninsula that was designated as Utah beach for the D-Day landings. In the months before the invasion, American and British units used Slapton Sands to practice the tactics and skills needed for the real landings.

Operation Tiger, in late April 1944, was one of these rehearsals. Thirty thousand men and 30 ships were participating. For added realism, GIs posing as German defenders on shore and the Allied ships assaulting the beach were to use live fire. The ship targeting the shore would be the British cruiser HMS *Dawkins*. She was supposed to drop live rounds onto the beaches, as were the dug in defenders overlooking Slapton Sands.

Someone blundered. The time for the landings as understood aboard the landing craft convoy did not jibe with the time as understood aboard the *Dawkins* or among the defenders. As infantry and tanks went ashore on April 27, the *Dawkins* opened fire, her large-caliber shells exploding among the terrified men. Compounding the problem, the infantrymen didn't realize that a white tape line visible on the beach marked an artillery impact zone that was not to be entered. They crossed the line into harm's way.

On cue, seeing troops landing on the beach, the inland defenders now opened fire. But the defenders had not been informed that their rifle, machine-gun, and mortar ammo was live. The landing troops were caught in a crossfire and slaughtered. By the time "Cease fire!" was ordered aboard the *Dawkins* and among the defenders, the landing troops had been shredded. The casualties were horrendous. No official count was released to the public. Death tolls of as few as 150 and as many as 308 have been mentioned. A mass grave was dug nearby and the dead were put into it.

Despite the tragedy, Operation Tiger recommenced the next day. This phase involved a landing convoy of several ships with thousands of American troops. It was set for early morning. Trouble would come again, but this time not from friendly fire. Undetected by the Allied ships, a pack of German E-boats was watching the exercise unfold. The E-boats—a total of nine of them in two squadrons—had sailed to the south coast of Devon on orders from a German naval headquarters in Cherbourg, France, to check out unknown activities that had been detected near Slapton Sands.

The E-boat (known to the Germans as a *Schnellboot*—literally, fast-boat—or *S-boot*) was a small vessel comparable to the American PT boat. Each E-boat carried three 20mm cannon, a 37mm flak cannon, and four torpedoes. Turned loose on landing

Opposite: *LST-289* sits in port in England, her stern shattered by a German E-boat's torpedo. In an April 28 ambush of Allied training exercises at Slapton Sands, Devon, two other landing ships, tank, were sunk. The *289* lost 13 men but limped home. Above, top: It wasn't loose lips that caused the Slapton Sands disaster, but keen German probing. Enemy scrutiny posed a constant risk that D-Day's plans would be discovered. Above, bottom: In this tense atmosphere, Major General Henry J.F. Miller lost his stars for mentioning the invasion date in public.

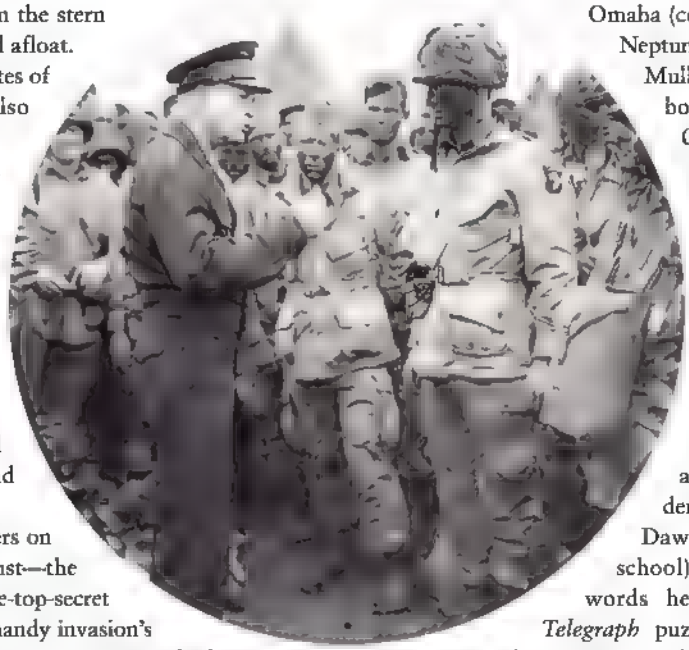
GIs 'INVADE' ENGLAND by Brian John Murphy

craft, they would be like wolves among sheep.

The Allied convoy was sailing toward Slapton Sands: eight LSTs (landing ships, tank) in a line, escorted by the tiny corvette HMS *Azalea*. The destroyer HMS *Hawkins* had been detailed for escort duties, too, but was damaged in a collision and remained in port. *Azalea* was the only defense when the nine E boats appeared. At 2:03 A.M., the E-boats let loose their torpedoes.

Dr. Eugene Eckstam, a medical officer aboard *LST-507*, recalled being awakened by a blast that shook the whole ship. He raced for the tank deck, which was filled with men and vehicles. "I saw only fire—a huge, roaring blast furnace," he said. "Trucks were burning; gasoline was burning; and small-arms ammunition was exploding. Worst of all were the agonizing screams for help from the men trapped inside.... But I knew there was no way that I or anyone else could help them. I knew also that smoke inhalation would soon end their misery, so I closed the hatches into the tank deck and dogged them tightly shut."

Eckstam's ship had been hit in the stern quarter. She burned but remained afloat. *LST-531* sank within a few minutes of being torpedoed. *LST-289* also burned, but did not sink.



Allied rescue crews found corpses floating facedown in the water. These men were wearing self inflating life preservers designed to fit under the armpits. Never instructed in the proper use of the life rings, scores of men had put them around their waists. This made them top-heavy in the water, and they flipped upside down and drowned.

Among the missing were officers on Operation Overlord's Bigot list—the codename for people with above-top-secret clearance and access to the Normandy invasion's most carefully guarded plans. The missing Bigots had carried maps and documents the Germans would find priceless. Now those items were unaccounted for. Had the Germans managed to snag any of these men and retrieve their documents? Did the enemy now know the sites of the Normandy invasion beaches? The Allied brass was on pins and needles. Finally, a painstaking recovery effort yielded the bodies of all 10 missing Bigots, with their sensitive documents intact. Eisenhower breathed a deep sigh of relief.

The casualties at Slapton Sands had been disastrous. Up to 308 US soldiers had been killed in the live-fire exercise. The E-boat attack killed 638 men, 441 from the US Army and 197 from the US Navy. As many as 946 lives had been lost—many times the number of those who would be slain on Utah beach on D-Day.

Keeping the Massive Operation Secret

WITH THE SHIFT OF HEAVY BOMBING toward German strongholds in France, the massive troop buildup, and live-ammo maneuvers at places like Slapton Sands, keeping Operation Overlord secret took a lot of work. The Germans knew something was going on. The key was to keep them confused about exactly what it was and where it would happen.

Remarkably, Operation Fortitude—the elaborate charade to make the enemy believe an Allied landing was coming at Calais rather than Normandy—was working. The Germans were buying the Fortitude story, redoubling defensive construction around Calais and stationing powerful veteran infantry and panzer divisions in the area.

A scare came one day in May 1944, while a man at MI5 (British counterintelligence) was doing the London *Telegraph* daily crossword puzzle. Soon the whole office staff was staring in horror at the puzzle's incredible answers: Utah, Omaha (codenames of US invasion beaches), Neptune (code for the actual landings), Mulberry (code for the artificial harbors at the invasion beaches), and Overlord (the comprehensive codename for the invasion of Europe).

MI5 descended en masse on Leatherhead, East Anglia, to have a word with the puzzle's creator, 54-year-old Leonard Dawe, a school headmaster. After questioning Dawe extensively, the MI5 agents agreed that he didn't know any invasion secrets. The words in his puzzle amounted to an amazing coincidence. Later evidence revealed that Dawe often asked his sixth form (high school) students to supply him with words he could use in composing his *Telegraph* puzzles. East Anglia was crammed with Americans. Schoolboys fraternized with the soldiers, and that may be how the codenames got into their vocabulary—and into the puzzle.

THAT SAME MONTH, a bona fide security breach infuriated Eisenhower. It was committed by Major General Henry J.F. Miller, a West Point classmate of Eisenhower who had become chief of the Ninth Air Force Service Command. Miller was a pleasant 53 year-old officer with a decent service record, but one night in May 1944, he and some other officers, male and female, were having dinner at Claridge's Hotel in London. Miller reportedly had too much to drink. As other diners listened, he began complaining that vital supplies he needed for his air force

Above: Hanging his hopes on favorable weather, Ike set the invasion for June 6, 1944. As operations began, he made the rounds, offering inspiration. At Greenham Common Airfield, around 8:30 P.M. on June 5, he visited Screaming Eagles of Company E, 502nd Parachute Infantry. They would jump behind German lines in the dark. Opposite: Landing craft, infantry, set out, protected from enemy aircraft by barrage balloons.

to support the invasion were late in arriving. He had expected delivery by June 15, but that, he said loud and clear, would be too late—because the invasion would take place before June 15. He then offered to take bets on that assertion.

In what seemed like the blink of an eye, Miller was standing before an enraged supreme commander. Eisenhower vented his fury on Miller, telling him his egregious offense deserved a court-martial. Instead, Ike broke Miller, demoting him three pay grades to lieutenant colonel. Miller shipped out on the first plane back to the States, where an obscure assignment awaited him. Making his humiliation complete, on June 7 the War Department publicly announced his demotion, saying he had been broken "for having talked carelessly in public about the invasion date." Miller died in 1949, having worked his way back up to brigadier general.

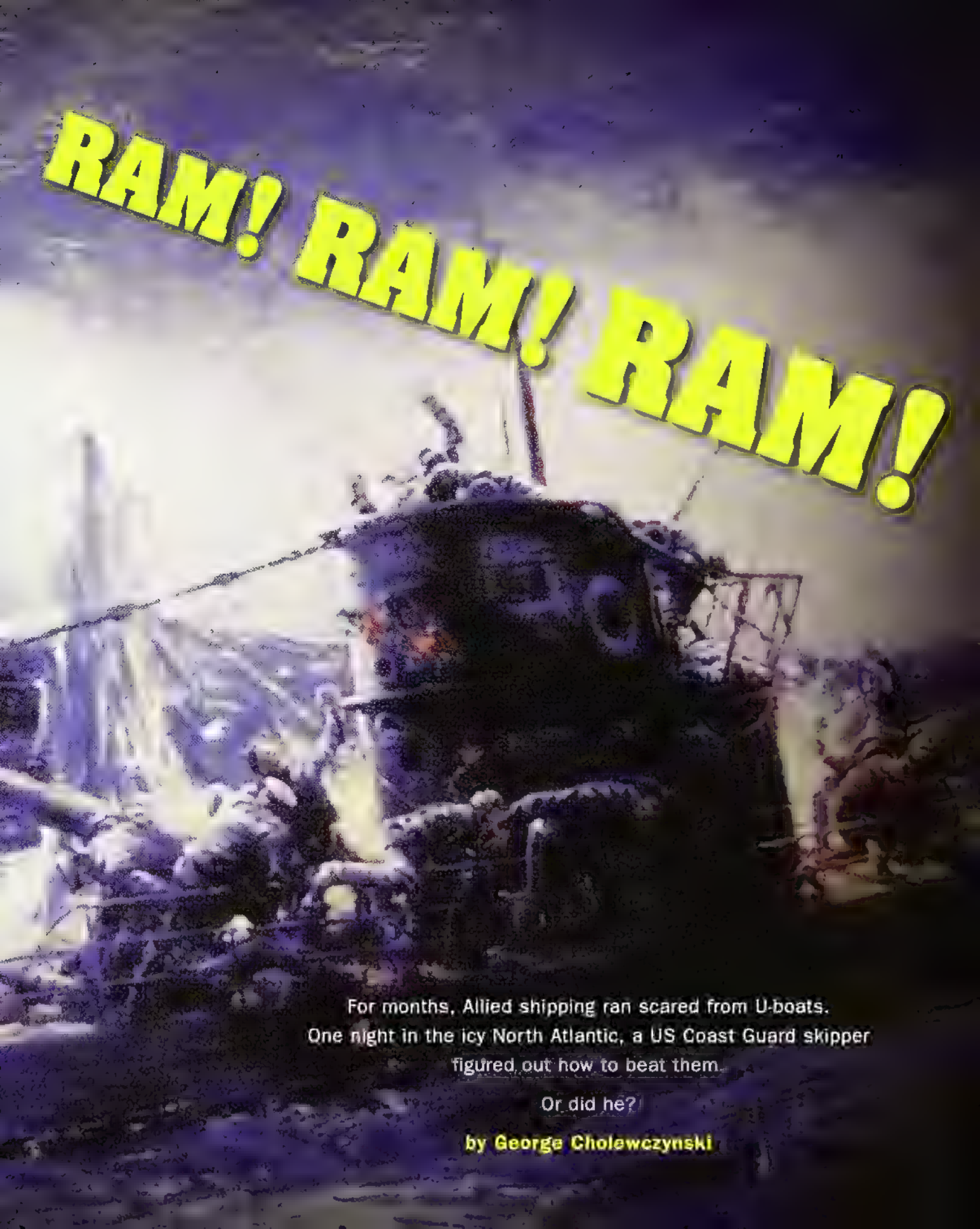
From Old England They Set Sail

As invasion day approached, GIs began disappearing all over England. South England was now strictly quarantined to keep prying eyes from counting the numbers of men, tanks, and artillery pieces boarding the landing ships. Yanks said tearful goodbyes to girlfriends and friends they had made.

Troop ships and landing craft cast off and, surrounded by escorts, sailed out into the Channel. The men of Lieutenant Colonel James Rudder's US Army Ranger Assault Group checked over their equipment and sharpened their Fairbairn Sykes fighting knives one last time before their scheduled climb to the top of the 100-foot cliff known as Pointe du Hoc. There, they were to destroy big Nazi guns overlooking Utah and Omaha beaches.

At Portsmouth, Ike watched the ships depart. He visited with the glider troops and gave them impromptu pep talks and shook their hands. Finally, he went to an airfield where scores of C-47 cargo planes were taking off with full sticks of paratroopers, who would drop behind the beaches and disrupt enemy defenses. As the last plane disappeared at twilight, the supreme commander realized he had nothing to do for the moment. The invasion had its orders and a rendezvous with history to keep. For now, there were no more orders to give, so Ike went to a little trailer he kept, chain smoked, and read Western novels. ★

Brian John Murphy *of Fairfield, Connecticut, is a contributing editor of* America in WWII. *Part 1 of his three-part Countdown to D-Day series appeared in our February 2014 issue. Part 3 will appear in our next issue, June 2014.*



For months, Allied shipping ran scared from U-boats. One night in the icy North Atlantic, a US Coast Guard skipper figured out how to beat them.

Or did he?

by George Cholewczynski

BAM! BAM! BAM!

by George Cholewczynski

DAWN WAS BREAKING ON FEBRUARY 23, 1943, and Commander James Hirshfield was in a jam. The US Coast Guard cutter *Campbell* had survived two days of combat with German U-boats, but had taken a severe pounding. "His ship still remained a duck on the pond," *Coronet* magazine contributor Alan Hynd wrote in July. "With the coming of bright daylight she became a delicious invitation to the first undersea prowler that came along.

"The convoy [that *Campbell* was escorting] was now a considerable distance away and the *Campbell*'s radio wasn't working. Four of the men went over the side into the icy sea to look at the damage. There was a 12 foot slit in the cutter's side below the waterline." Hirshfield and his crew were stuck on a crippled ship in the middle of the frigid North Atlantic. But at least they were in better shape than the U-boaters they had just fought.

The route of the *Campbell (WPG-32)* to her present predicament stretched back to the birth of the coast guard's *Hamilton*-class cutters in the mid 1930s. Better known as Treasury-class cutters, each was named for a former US secretary of the treasury and was built for the coast guard's deepwater missions of law enforcement, search and rescue, and navigation aid. The second ship in the class was launched in Philadelphia on June 3, 1936, and was named for the treasury's fifth secretary: *George W. Campbell.* (Initially the Treasury-class cutters were given the full names of their respective secretaries.) Like her sister ships, this 327-foot cutter was speedy, durable, and blessed with exceptional range—an asset that eventually landed it in the middle of the war-long Battle of the Atlantic. "We never had to worry about refueling," Hirshfield recalled. "But that's about the only thing we didn't have to worry about."

Two days after German forces slashed into Poland on September 1, 1939, launching World War II, US Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., ordered *Campbell* from her position in British waters to the North Atlantic "to be of assistance [to] shipping in the area." *Campbell*, along with *Bibb (WPG-31)*, immediately went to work aiding SS *City of Flint*, which was transporting the shaken survivors of the torpedoed liner SS *Athenia* to the United States. (The German submarine *U-30* had attacked *Athenia* on September 1, killing 118 people, including 28 Americans.) The United States remained neutral in the war for now, but US Navy and Coast Guard ships monitored shipping, airplane, and submarine activity in American territorial waters. With flags illuminated by spotlights, the coast guard's gleaming-white cutters took up highly visible positions on the edge of the Atlantic neutrality zone. For *Campbell* and *Hamilton*, that meant a station just east of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

Soon, navy destroyers were escorting merchant ship convoys as far east as Iceland. German submarines responded by stepping up attacks on American warships, and in September 1941 President Franklin Roosevelt authorized navy vessels to shoot U-boats on sight. Meanwhile, to bolster the shorthanded navy, the coast guard agreed to transfer a number of ships, including the *Campbell*, to navy command. (By November the entire coast guard would be operating as part of the navy, continuing through the war's end.) A coat of dull-gray paint, combined with new weapons that included depth charges and additional three-inch guns, fitted *Campbell* for convoy escort work. Other guns, including 20mm anti-aircraft cannon, were added later.

RIGHT & PREVIOUS SPREAD: US COAST GUARD MUSEUM, US COAST GUARD ACADEMY, NEW LONDON, CT (JENNIFER GAUDIO, CURATOR)

TOP: NAVAL AVIATION MUSEUM; OPPOSITE: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Previous spread: The US Coast Guard cutter *Campbell* rakes the German sub *U-606* with fire during a Battle of the Atlantic clash on the night of February 22, 1943. This and other vivid scenes from that fight, painted by illustrator Anton Otto Fischer, would thrill Americans who paged through the July 5, 1943, issue of *Life* magazine. Opposite: *Campbell*'s Commander James Hirshfield was born in Ohio, grew up in Texas, earned a law degree in Washington, DC, and eventually found himself on the gale-tossed waves of the North Atlantic. He earned the Navy Cross (above, top) for his efforts against *U-606* off the coast of Newfoundland. Above, center: *Campbell* patrols the Atlantic decked out in wartime battle-gray rather than the coast guard's traditional white.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

On January 29, 1942, six weeks after America officially entered the war, the coast guard suffered its first major combat loss when *Alexander Hamilton* was torpedoed and sank with the loss of 20 men. (The cutter's name had recently been changed back to its original in order to avoid confusion with a navy vessel named *Hamilton*.)

FOR THE ALLIES, the situation in the North Atlantic was desperate. But figuring out exactly how to defeat Admiral Karl Donitz's wickedly aggressive U boats would take time. Convoys provided some strength in sheer numbers. Flanked by escort ships like the *Campbell*, they ranged in size from 10 to 100 ships capable of steaming in several columns at the same speed. (The average speed for fast, medium, and slow convoys was then 10, 9, and 8 knots, respectively—1 knot is slightly faster than 1 mph.) Troop transports and vessels carrying priority cargo formed a convoy's center, within a ring of less precious bulk carriers. No ship was allowed to stop for any reason; victims of U boat attacks were the responsibility of a lone rescue ship that brought up the convoy's rear. Aboard each vessel, stokers in the engine room banked their fires carefully to produce a minimum of smoke, hoping to slip past roaming U-boats unnoticed.

German submarines hunted independently but attacked according to what Dönitz called *Rudeltaktik*, which translates roughly as "pack tactics." In English, the attacking groups of subs were known as "wolf packs." When one sub located a target, it transmitted the information to naval operators in Germany, who then ordered additional U boats to the target area via radio. The gathered pack then swarmed to the attack after dark. Like all submarines, however, Donitz's U boats had their limits. They could remain submerged only as long as they had a sufficient supply of air and enough power in their propulsion batteries. Underwater, they were only slightly faster than plodding merchant ships and were much slower than nimble Allied escorts. So most of the time they remained surfaced, keeping their batteries charged and ready for darting attacks.

By the summer of 1942, the Battle of the Atlantic had been raging for nearly three years. Worldwide, Donitz's pitiless U-boat fleet was sinking roughly 800,000 tons of merchant shipping per month, losses that the Allies could not continue to absorb.

by George Cholewczynski

In June, the 63 ships of convoy ONS 102 departed Londonderry, Northern Ireland, bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia. Charged with protecting it were the nine ships of Ocean Escort Unit A-3, under US Navy Captain Paul R. Heineman, who was traveling aboard *Campbell*, commanded at the time by Commander D C. McNeil.

Early on June 16, Heineman's carefully dispersed flotilla detected and chased off a pair of U-boats. But the subs returned a night later and torpedoed and sank a convoy ship. Shortly after that, *Campbell* depth-charged another U-boat without success. On June 20 Heineman's defenders, joined by four additional Canadian ships dispatched from Newfoundland, tangled with two more German subs, whose escape left coast guard men fuming. Naval historian Samuel Eliot Morison wrote after the war, "Commander Heineman, one of the best of our escort commanders, was red-faced about the whole thing and reported seven different classes of errors that prevented him from getting a U-boat."

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

The loudly expressed frustrations of Heineman and other escort commanders sparked a renewed Allied effort to solve the U-boat problem. In coming months, increasing numbers of faster transports and modern destroyers, coupled with newly coordinated submarine-hunting doctrine, would begin to turn the tide in the North Atlantic. In time, longer-range aircraft would also help. For now, however, Allied air cover was available only within about 600 miles of North America and Great Britain. The gap in the sky between those zones got the name Black Pit or Devil's Gorge. In October 1942, Dönitz's ravenous wolf packs sent 56 Allied ships to the bottom in this perilous stretch of the Atlantic.

The following months became known as the Bloody Winter, delivering the worst North Atlantic storms in over 50 years along with an all-out U-boat blitz. Amid the ungodly weather, on February 3, 1943, a German submarine torpedoed the American troop ship *Dorchester*. Coast guard cutters managed to rescue only 299 of the 904 men aboard the ship. Among those who died were four US Army chaplains, dubbed "the Immortal Chaplains," who gave up their life jackets when it became clear there were not enough for everyone. They were last seen on the sinking ship's deck, arms linked and in prayer.

Hirshfield, who had taken command of *Campbell* in September, inherited a veteran crew that by this time had helped shepherd 11 convoys through the treacherous Atlantic (losing a total of 14 ships). On February 11, the 55-ship convoy ON-166 departed Liverpool for New York. The next day, A-3, still led by Heineman, picked it up. Heineman's command included his flagship, *Spencer (WPG-36)*, *Campbell*, the British corvette *Dianthus (K95)*, and the Canadian corvettes *Chilliwack (K131)*, *Dauphin (K157)*, *Rosthern (K169)*, and *Trillium (K172)*. The British-built SS *Stockport*, a converted ferry, trailed the transports on rescue duty. The convoy's 11 columns steamed headlong into a brutal, northwesterly gale. For both Heineman and the various merchant ship captains, maintaining order proved difficult. Vicious winds and swirling sea spray left each vessel coated with up to two feet of ice, adding unbearably to the ships' weight and threatening to capsize them. Only the steady efforts of crew members wielding hammers, chisels, and steam hoses kept the ships combat ready.

Heineman was fortunate that both *Campbell* and *Spencer* now carried British-designed high-frequency, radio-direction-finding equipment (called HF/DF or Huff Duff) that located U-boats as they transmitted. North of London, at Bletchley Park, the home of British code-breaking, German messages were decrypted. While the wild, week-long gale blew, Allied intelligence men poring over intercepted U-boat radio communications discovered that the 10-

Opposite: A three-inch gun on a US Coast Guard cutter blasts away at an enemy vessel in the Atlantic. Above, left: The cutter *Spencer* lobs depth charges toward a submerged U-boat. Above, right: The final action of the Battle of the Atlantic in American waters would come on May 5–6, 1945. US Navy ships, including *Moberly*, a patrol frigate manned by a coast guard crew, attacked and sank *U-853* off Point Judith, Rhode Island. Here, depth charges explode in *Moberly*'s wake.

GUARD DOG

Sinbad, *Campbell*'s beloved mascot, was a mixed breed with a pure heart. And he was always good for a laugh. Here the helmeted mutt unwittingly portrays earnestness and goofiness alike.

Helping a tardy sailor slip unnoticed past a scowling officer when returning to ship from a fun-filled shore leave is practically a maritime tradition. That's exactly how Sinbad got his berth on *Campbell*.

On a winter night in 1938, a *Campbell* crewman on liberty in New York City enlisted the tan-and-black dog in a bid to woo a young lady. She resisted the attempts of both man and mutt, but the sailor returned to his ship with his new friend in tow. Once aboard, Sinbad captured the hearts of *Campbell*'s crew.

By the outbreak of World War II, Sinbad had served more time on the cutter than any crew member. He had made new friends in foreign ports from Greenland (where he caused some angst by chasing the locals' sheep) to North Africa, all the while keeping the *Campbell* crewmen cheery.

The onset of war made his presence especially welcome on occasionally risky. Crewman Norm Bowker was startled one day by a loud "boom" followed by blasts of steam that seemingly came from everywhere. "My friend vanished," he recalled. Sinbad had been walking down the deck and saw a piece of line lying on deck, so he pulled on it, shooting off a K-gun's depth charge. We weren't going too fast, and the explosion tripped off the generator." Sinbad's curiosity briefly left the ship without power. "After that," Bowker continued, "they took the lanyards off [depth charges] until we went into battle."

Sinbad cemented his legacy with the *Campbell* during its February 1943 clash with *U-606*. Remaining upbeat through the fight, he loyally bounded alongside crewmen even as they labored to keep their battle-torn cutter afloat.

The aging pooch went ashore for the last time in 1948, bearing the title of K9C, or chief petty officer, dog. He lived out his remaining years in Barnegat, New Jersey, making the rounds at local bars and watching over the coast guard's lighthouse station there. When he died in 1951, he was buried at the base of the station's flag pole. —*George Cholewczynski*

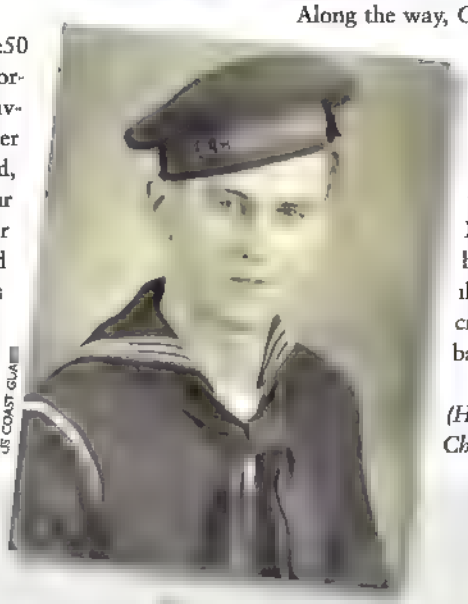
by George Cholewczynski

boat wolf pack *Ritter* was tracking ON-166. Shifting its course south to evade the pursuers, the convoy began to scatter. Then, late on February 20, *U-604* of the wolf pack *Knappen* sighted it and reported its location.

Throughout the following day, the escorts, helped by Allied air patrols, kept the wolf packs at bay. A British Liberator bomber spotted a trio of U-boats cruising on the surface and sank one. But then ON-166 was steaming into the Black Hole, where no air cover was available. *Spencer* and *Campbell* extended their sweeps and sniffed out several submarines, but depth-charge attacks brought no definite results. Late that afternoon a torpedo suddenly struck the straggling Norwegian freighter *Stigstad*. Two minutes later, two more torpedoes slammed home, sending the ship to the ocean bottom in less than five minutes. A few hours later U-boats attacked another straggler, SS *Empire Trader*, setting her afire and forcing her crew to abandon her. The rescue ship *Stockport* rushed to the *Trader*'s side.

The fighting escalated overnight. At 1:50 A.M. on February 22, German submarines torpedoed the tanker *N.T. Nielsen-Alonso*, leaving the one-time whaling vessel adrift and her crew in lifeboats. With *Stockport* occupied, *Campbell* picked up survivors. A half hour later the smoking tanker's Norwegian master informed Hirshfield that code books and other classified documents remained on his wrecked ship. Determined to destroy the valuable paperwork, Hirshfield directed *Campbell* back to the tanker.

As the *Campbell* made its way there, a torpedo exploded against the tanker's side.



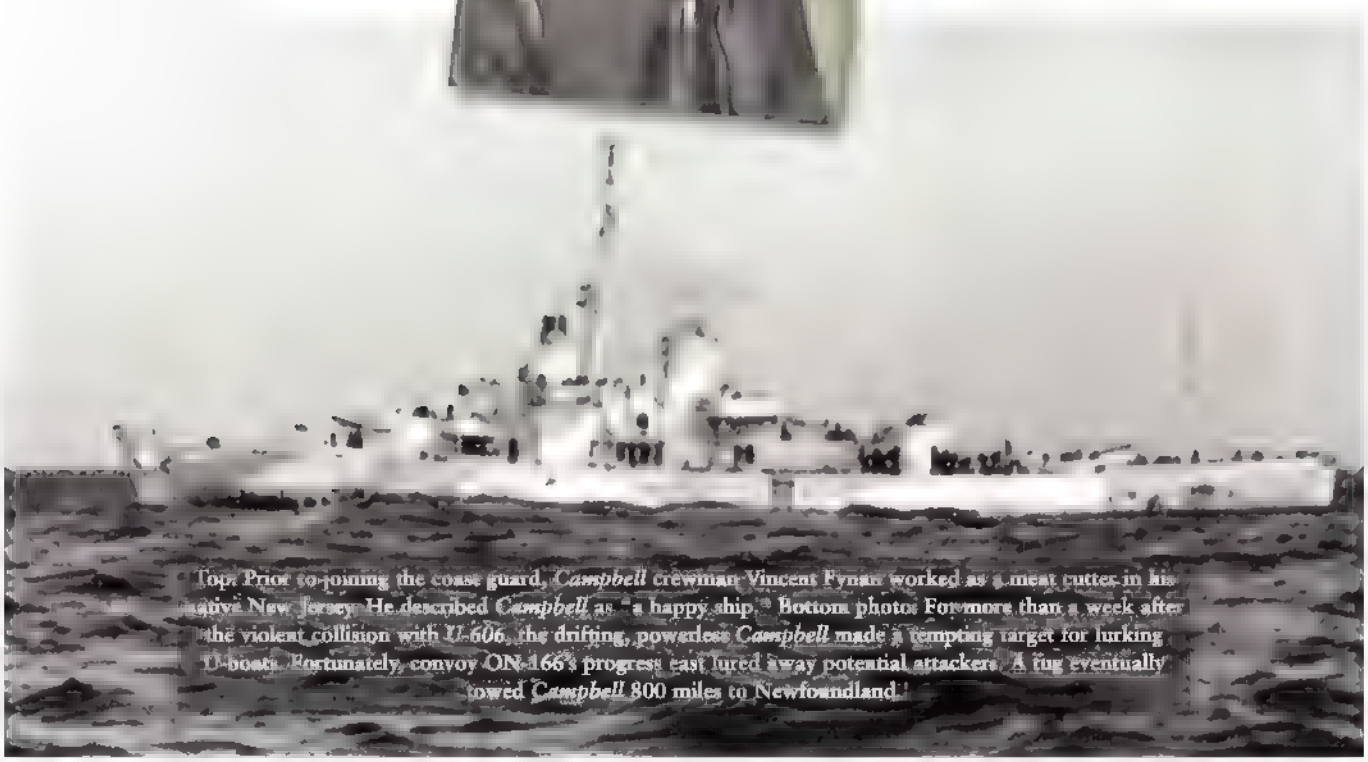
US COAST GUARD

The source, it seemed, was a U-boat emitting telltale white smoke two miles off. Hirshfield charged in that direction at flank speed, ordered a searchlight switched on, and spotted the sub as it dove. *Campbell* loosed depth charges and then circled to linger over the target area. Hirshfield found empty ocean there—but also the unmistakable odor of diesel. "There was no more sound contact and no torpedoes fired at *Campbell*," recalled Ensign Larry Bradley. "No one will ever convince me that *Campbell* did not sink that submarine."

MEANWHILE, THE AIR WAVES were crackling with urgent messages from the convoy, which was now 40 miles away. Changing course yet again, *Campbell* swung by the immobile *N.T. Nielsen-Alonso* to blast its bridge and, presumably, any significant documents. Then she headed back toward the convoy

Along the way, *Campbell*'s sonar made another contact, at 11 A.M. Steaming over that vessel's location, the cutter made three depth-charge attacks before losing contact. U-boats, it seemed, were everywhere. Hoping to throw a few of the subs off the convoy's track, Hirshfield took a roundabout route back to his position. By the time he arrived, star shells fired upward by escorts and flares from merchant ships were illuminating an early evening sky. His tired crew went to general quarters—preparation for battle—for the 12th time in less than 48 hours.

At about this time, the Polish destroyer *Burza (H73)* arrived to reinforce the convoy just as *Chilliwack* detected a U-boat. *Chilliwack* dropped



Top: Prior to joining the coast guard, *Campbell* crewman Vincent Fynan worked as a meat cutter in his native New Jersey. He described *Campbell* as "a happy ship." Bottom photo: For more than a week after the violent collision with *U-606*, the drifting, powerless *Campbell* made a tempting target for lurking U-boats. Fortunately, convoy ON-166's progress east lured away potential attackers. A tug eventually towed *Campbell* 800 miles to Newfoundland.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

depth charges, but then lost contact. Shortly thereafter *Burza* found the submarine and unleashed her own depth charges, with the same result. But the submarine broke the surface badly damaged two miles ahead of *Campbell*. More than a day of intermittent blasting had knocked out the cutter's radar, but Chief Radarman Benjamin Stelmasczyk and other radio men had managed to get it working again. Shortly before 8 P.M., it revealed the U-boat. The rolling seas quickly broke the contact, but it didn't matter; Commander Hirshfield spotted the sub on the surface 400 yards away, slightly to starboard. It was *U-606*.

The U boat was so close that Hirshfield's men could not lower *Campbell*'s five inch gun enough to blast it. Other tactics were called for, and Seaman Vincent Fynan heard Hirshfield vocalize them clearly: "Hard to starboard! Ram! Ram! Ram!" As *Campbell* bore down on *U-606*, one of her three-inch gun crews opened fire, while crewmen manning 20mm guns painted the target with streams of tracer fire.

Fynan braced himself for the collision of the two ships. But rather than a violent crash, there was only a vibrating shudder and a horrifying screech of metal. *U-606* glanced off *Campbell*'s starboard side, gashing the cutter below its waterline. Almost simultaneously, Hirshfield's crew rolled depth charges off the storage racks at the stern. They exploded, jolting both vessels. A *Campbell* searchlight caught the sub in its blinding beam, illuminating an unforgettable scene that would be depicted in paintings

LEFT & TOP: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Above, top: The collision with *U-606* left *Campbell*'s engine room flooded and her seaworthiness in doubt. Crewmen desperately labored to patch the gash in her hull. Here, they lower an improvised cofferdam into place to keep water away from the repair site. Inset: The ship's precarious condition forced Hirshfield to transfer most of his crew to the Polish destroyer *Burza*. Here, sailors depart in lifeboats.

by George Cholewczynski

by eyewitness Anton Otto Fischer on the pages of the July 5, 1943, issue of *Life* magazine. The coast guard had given the celebrated 60-year-old illustrator a lieutenant commander's commission so he could document such moments, and he watched this action unfold from *Campbell*'s bridge.

"All hell broke loose," Fischer recalled in *Life*. "Our after guns opened up, their crews hollering like a bunch of Comanche Indians. Three-inch shells were slamming into the U boat's hull at point blank range. You just couldn't miss. And you could see the lines of our 20-mm. tracers sweeping the decks, knocking men off like tenpins. Through the darkness I could hear men calling in the water, one man shouting, 'Hello, boys,' obviously the only two English words he knew. Then the calls grew fainter, and finally died away."

Just yards away from the *Campbell*, panicky German sailors began jumping from the deck of *U-606*, which was down at the stern. One of them turned to an officer and punched him in the face, saying, "I've waited a long time to do this." He then leaped into the 40-degree water. Hirshfield dispatched *Campbell*'s pulling boat, which picked up five foundering Germans. (He also sent out the cutter's motor launch, which capsized.) A few others swam to *Burza*. By dawn *U-606* would be gone, along with 36 of her 47 crewmen.

Hirshfield's vessel was having its own problems. Her searchlight suddenly went out, as did power to all her other equipment. Despite the danger and darkness, there was no panic among *Campbell*'s crew. Men stayed at their posts, awaiting further orders. The ship was badly damaged and without lights or heat, but still afloat, and no one relished the thought of following the desperate Germans into the icy North Atlantic. Fynan heard a familiar voice, that of Pennsylvanian William Melchoir. The two had gone through boot camp together at Curtis Bay, Maryland, and Melchoir's general quarters assignment was to provide any wounded men with first aid. (Miraculously, *Campbell*'s few casualties were minor.) Melchoir was checking on Fynan to be sure he had an emergency light for his life jacket and to tell him that if they were forced to abandon ship, they should try to meet at the No. 1 lifeboat.

Meanwhile, Heineman sent *Burza* to assist *Campbell*, whose crewmen were struggling to keep the cutter afloat and patch her torn hull. Doing so meant stabilizing the cutter by dumping fuel, ammunition, even the 20mm anti-aircraft guns and their mounts overboard. Then a repair crew slipped into the breathtakingly cold water to go to work with acetylene torches. Hirshfield eventually began transferring people—the rescued sailors of *N.T. Nielson-Alonso* and then 112 members of his own crew—to *Burza*. Rather than taking the powerless *Campbell* in tow, which was a risky proposition without additional help, the *Burza* would stand by, on guard, until additional help arrived.

US COAST GUARD

Around-the-clock repair efforts left *Campbell*'s crewmen little time for chow. Here, weary Ensign LeRoy A. Cheney of Hoboken, New Jersey, sneaks in a quick meal atop a less-than-comfortable seat.

As Hirshfield's crewmen labored to save their drifting ship, the nasty, swirling fight for ON 166 stretched into February 25. Prior to *Campbell*'s encounter with *U-606*, German submarines had sunk 4 Allied ships. They sank another 10 before finally withdrawing. The convoy's losses included *Stockport*, the beloved rescue ship that had served in 16 convoys and pulled a total of 419 sailors from the North Atlantic. After gathering *Empire Trader*'s crew of 106 and transferring it to *Dauphin*, *Stockport* was laboring to catch up to the convoy when *U-604* caught and torpedoed her. Her entire crew of 64 was lost.

On February 26, *Tenacity*, a Royal Navy seagoing rescue tug, arrived to tow *Campbell* to Newfoundland. (Low on fuel, food, and fresh water, *Burza* meanwhile had been forced to leave, with more than 400 people on board.)

Campbell soon returned to duty escorting Mediterranean and Caribbean convoys, but never again saw the type of hair-raising action she had survived in the North Atlantic. Relieved from escort duty in late 1944, she was converted to an amphibious command and control ship and sent to the Pacific as the war came to a close. After a short period of occupation duty in Japan, and after being converted back to her original design, *Campbell* returned to the coast guard and traditional duties on the East Coast.

Hirshfield received the Navy Cross for his actions during the encounter with *U-606*. Other officers and men aboard *Campbell* were awarded a total of eight Silver Stars, three Legions of Merit, one Bronze Star, and one Navy and Marine Corps Medal.

"The best way to get submarines is to ram them," Hirshfield told reporters in April. "The Jerries know it and are afraid of us." Or maybe they weren't so afraid. The two months following the convoy ON-166 battle saw the worst merchant shipping losses of the entire war. No break in the seemingly endless Battle of the Atlantic came until May 1943, when small aircraft carriers began accompanying Allied convoys. Now the Allies had protection from above. And that really did make the German wolf packs afraid. ☆

George Cholewczynski *of New Orleans wrote "Devils at Germany's Back Door," about the 504th Parachute Infantry at Arnhem, for our December 2013 issue.*

THE PACIFIC

ST DIVISION

Men of the Civilian Public Service didn't fight the enemy. But their war was still a struggle—with hostile neighbors, thankless tasks, and high-risk assignments.

by Robert Gaudick and Barbara Markham

THE PACIFIST DIVISION

by Robert Gabrick and Barbara Markham

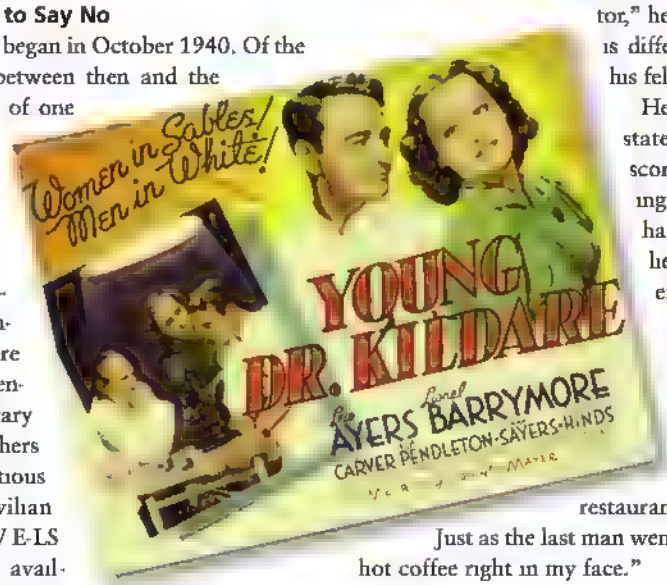
LEW AYRES WAS A SILVER SCREEN IDOL—FOR THE MOMENT. Cast as Dr. James "Jimmy" Kildare in MGM's 1938 box office hit *Young Dr. Kildare*, the handsome 30-year-old turned the role into a franchise. By 1942, he had starred in nine Dr. Kildare movies. But that year, as America mobilized for war after Japan's December 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor, Ayres plummeted from grace. The reason? He was a pacifist. To bear arms, he said, would be "to live in a nightmare of hypocrisy."

Public reaction was severe. The US Army refused to show his films. So did some local cinemas. Where his films did show, there were protests. Ayres was a pariah, even though he served in the Civilian Public Service (CPS) program and as an army medic on battlefields in the Pacific, donating his military pay to the American Red Cross.

While many men of what newsman Tom Brokaw called "the Greatest Generation" fought World War II in Europe, in the Pacific, and elsewhere, Ayres and his fellow conscientious objectors fought a different war, a war on the battleground of conscience. Theirs was a battle *against* the "Good War."

A Tough Time to Say No

AMERICA'S FIRST PEACETIME DRAFT began in October 1940. Of the 34,506,923 men who registered between then and the end of the war, 72,354—one-fifth of one percent—applied for conscientious objector (CO) status. About 27,000 of those COs failed the physical and were classified IV F (also written 4-F, "physically, mentally, or morally unfit" for service). About 25,000 requested noncombatant military service and were classified I-A-O (1-A O, "conscientious objectors eligible for military service in noncombatant role"). Others were rated IV E (4 E, "conscientious objectors available only for civilian work of national importance") or IV E-LS (4 E-LS, "conscientious objectors available for limited civilian work of national importance"). Some 6,000 men went to prison for refusing all forms of service.



Conscientious objection to combat service wasn't anything new. The US Constitution enshrined freedom of belief and speech as fundamental rights, weaving tolerance of dissent into the very fabric of the American system of government. US Attorney General Francis A. Biddle was no pacifist, but he spoke out to uphold the Constitution's guarantees:

"Freedom of conscience is a foundation stone of our democracy. Consequently, we must respect the attitude of those persons who honestly and sincerely, on conscientious grounds based on religious training and belief, object to participation in war. The fact that such persons form but a small minority of our citizenry and that we disagree with their position does not affect our obligation to recognize and respect their convictions."

None of this changed the fact that saying no in a time of national emergency was unpopular. It rankled Americans who were going to war themselves or sending loved ones off to fight. Major General Lewis F. Hershey, national director of the US Selective Service System, which managed the draft, acknowledged this. "Few question the patriotism of the honest conscientious objector," he said. "[But] because his patriotism is different from that of the majority of his fellows, it is not always understood."

Hershey's remarks were an understatement. Many Americans openly scorned conscientious objectors, calling them "conchies." Others were harsher, using the terms "yellowbellies" or "skunks," and even threatening them with violence.

Conscientious objector Charles Jehnzen described the contempt as "pathetic." His wife couldn't find work after "somebody found out she was a wife of a Conchie," he said. Once, when he entered a restaurant, "everybody got up and left.... Just as the last man went out the door, [the waitress] threw hot coffee right in my face."

Finding Other Ways to Serve

JUST BECAUSE A MAN WAS a conscientious objector didn't necessarily mean he wouldn't serve at all. The Selective Training and Service Act of 1940 provided for objectors "to be assigned to work of national importance under civilian direction":

"Nothing contained in this Act shall be construed to require any person to be subject to combatant training and service in the land or naval forces of the United States who, by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed to participa-

ALL IMAGES THIS STORY (UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED) AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE. CIVILIAN PUBLIC SERVICE RECORDS, SWARTHMORE COLLEGE PEACE COLLECTION, SWARTHMORE, PA

Previous spread: Young faces and a dog grin at Civilian Public Service (CPS) Camp No. 23, Coshocton, Ohio. CPS gave conscientious objectors (COs) "civilian work of national importance" in lieu of combat, non-combat military duty, or war work. Most Americans disdained COs. Above: Pacifism blunted actor Lew Ayres's career. The star of 1938's *Young Dr. Kildare* served as a medic but was branded a draft dodger.

$10
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CIVILIAN PUBLIC SERVICE CERTIFICATE
AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE
TWELFTH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
This Certifies that
has contributed TEN DOLLARS to Civilian Public Service conducted by the American Friends Service Committee. The program is carried on in co-operation with the Brethren Service Committee and the Mennonite Central Committee. This work has been approved by the United States Government as "work of national importance under civilian direction" as provided for in the Selective Service Act.
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$10

tion in war in any form. Any such person claiming such exemption from combatant training and service because of such conscientious objections whose claim is sustained by the local board shall, if he is inducted..., be assigned to noncombatant service as defined by the President or shall, if he is found to be conscientiously opposed to participation in such noncombatant service..., be assigned to work of national importance under civilian direction."

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR WAS REQUIRED to register for the draft, complete a questionnaire, and have his request for IV-E status ruled on by his local draft board. (There were more than 6,700 draft boards across the United States.) Records kept by the Southern Baptist Church, many of whose members were conscientious objectors, indicate that about 10,000 American men received IV E status, to be assigned civilian work, and an estimated 75,000 others were classified as I-A O, to be assigned noncombatant duty in the military. Some pacifists refused even to register for the draft. They served time in prison, as did men who refused military service after being denied IV E classification.

Responding to the Selective Training and Service Act's provision that IV E objectors "be assigned work of national importance under civilian direction," 35 religious groups created a joint agency to develop opportunities for such assignments. Headquartered in Washington, DC, the National Service Board for Religious Objectors established and financed the Civilian Public Service program. Nearly 12,000 conscientious objectors worked in more than 150 CPS camps

Camps of Conscience and Culture

THE FIRST CPS CAMP, Camp Patapsco, near Baltimore, Maryland, opened on May 15, 1941. Like many of the camps that followed, it was a former facility of the Civilian Conservation Corps, the federal public works program that focused on conserving natural resources. Each camp was administered by one of the CPS's sponsoring religious organizations: the American Friends Service Committee, the Brethren Service Committee, the Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors, the Commission on World Peace of the Methodist Church, or the Mennonite Central Committee.

The government provided virtually no funding or material assistance for the CPS program—only the abandoned CCC facilities, some equipment, and transportation of assignees to their

Top: Contrary to public perception, CPS wasn't always safer than war. These men of Unit No. 149 are battling an August 1940 fire at Goose Creek in Idaho. Above, center: CPS wasn't free, either. COs paid high fees, and camps were run by churches, which struggled to raise funds. This American Friends Service Committee certificate documents a $10 gift to CPS. For pacifists, such certificates were an alternative to war bonds.

camps. The CPS conscientious objectors received no pay and provided their own clothing and personal supplies. To help them, the three historic peace churches—Brethren, Friends, and Mennonites—agreed to support all conscientious objectors, regardless of religious affiliation. Their pledge was generous, considering that 167 distinct church or religious communities had members in the CPS

Other religious organizations raised funds to cover the monthly $35 fee (more than $560 in 2014 dollars) that each CPS assignee had to pay, plus monthly allowances of up to $15 per man (more than $240 in 2014 dollars) for food, medical care, and other expenses. During the program's six years, religious organizations raised more than $7 million (more than $112 million in 2014 dollars).

INSIDE THE REMOTE CPS CAMPS lived a cross section of American pacifism, including a disproportionate number of literary and cultural luminaries. These men shined bright in their camp newsletters. Mimeographed pages full of camp news, opinions of camp life, and ruminations on the larger issues of the battleground of conscience were the typical fare for these publications. But the best featured sophisticated artistic and literary content.

This was especially true at Brethren administered Camp Angel at Waldport, Oregon, where a CO-run school of the arts drew a concentration of writers, musicians, and visual artists, some of whom transferred in from other camps. Camp Angel included among its inmates the poet William Everson; William Stafford, a future poet laureate of Oregon; and book designer Adrian Wilson, a future MacArthur Foundation "genius grant" recipient. They and others wrote, designed, and crafted the literary magazine *The Illiterati* and printed poetry chapbooks under their own Untide Press imprint. In 1944, Everson published *War Elegies*, a booklet of poetry featuring modernistic linoleum block print illustrations. *The Waldport Poems*, also published by Everson that year, featured a series of poems as a "testament to the integrity of which the history of pacifism is full."

After the war, Everson and other Camp Angel alumni would settle in and around San Francisco, helping spawn the avant garde cultural explosion known as the San Francisco Renaissance. That movement would influence the poetry and literature of the Beat Generation and have a far-reaching impact on American arts and culture in the 1960s and beyond.

Work Important to the Nation

IN CPS CAMPS, INCLUDING CAMP ANGEL, IV-E objectors fulfilled their service requirement by doing tasks for government agencies. They fought fires, planted trees, built roads, and conducted experimental forestry for the US Forest Service. Others worked with the Soil Conservation Service, stopping erosion, planting trees, and packing and shipping trees for replanting. The National Park Service put objectors to work painting signs and improving the appearance and facilities of its parks. COs also worked on the Pennsylvania Turnpike and for the US Fish and Wildlife Service

After 90 days of service, CPS assignees became eligible for special projects. These could include work on dairy farms, or with state dairy herd improvement associations, testing milk and cattle. Other special projects focused on creating medical and recreational facilities, community centers, and libraries in the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico, or helping control hookworm (an intestinal parasite that targets humans and other mammals) in Florida. There were opportunities with the US Coast and Geodetic Survey and the US Department of Commerce. Hundreds of CPS men became smokejumpers—firefighters who parachuted into forest locations accessible only from above. The smokejumpers were popular subjects for media coverage, perhaps because the risk of their work resembled the risk of military service.

Other Extremes of Service

NOT ALL THE WORK IV-E OBJECTORS were given was free from danger—the smokejumpers proved that. But some COs' work was downright grim, even controversial. An assignment to work in a mental hospital could be especially harrowing. Nothing prepared assignees for the horrors they witnessed there. Asa Watkins, serving in a Virginia mental hospital, reported tending to a severely bleeding man lying on the floor: "His skin just stuck to the floor and when I tried to lift him up it just peeled his skin off."

Conscientious objector Merlin Taber was assigned to the Philadelphia State Hospital at Byberry in Northeast Philadelphia. More than 6,000 patients, male and female, black and white, were housed in the approximately 50 buildings of this psychiatric facili-

Above: The CPS had a high concentration of writers, poets, and artists, and nowhere higher than at Camp Angel in Waldport, Oregon. In addition to fighting fires or doing other forest work, inmates published literature, produced plays, and more. One artist was poet William Everson, who published *War Elegies* and *The Waldport Poems* through the camp's Untide Press, which also published *The Illiterati*, a literary magazine. Opposite, top: A CPS smokejumper stitches a chute harness. Opposite, center: CPS men work on a forest service project in May 1942.

ty. As many as 250 male patients were confined in the CPS unit where Taber worked, a unit he described as "violent."

"It was an unpleasant job...," Taber recalled. "It was difficult to manage these guys.... They were very unpredictable.... Some of them managed to hang on to a piece of metal and then attack us or other patients."

Good did come out of the difficult work and conditions. In Virginia and elsewhere, CPS workers photographed and documented abuses, then notified the press and testified at hearings. The result was significant improvements at state mental hospitals. For Taber, CPS service led to a postwar career "developing better mental health services" as a professor in the School of Social Work at the University of Illinois at Urbana, Champaign.

Human Guinea Pigs

THE BEST KNOWN CPS PROGRAMS—and the ones most covered by the news media—were those in which COs volunteered as guinea pigs. Some men wore lice-infested clothes to help find ways to control typhus. Others fasted and drank seawater to provide clues to helping those lost at sea. Some spent hours in pressure tanks to document the physical effects of high altitude. Others were subjects in studies on malaria, pneumonia, influenza, hepatitis, and jaundice.

The challenge of feeding the malnourished in war-devastated areas led to one of the most highly publicized experiments. Starting in November 1944, conscientious objectors moved onto the Minneapolis campus of the University of Minnesota. In the south tower of the football stadium, Dr. Ancel Keys started an experiment that would, as the university publication *Research and Relief* described it, "starve and study thirty-six human 'guinea pigs.'" While being fed just two meals a day totaling 1,700 calories, the men in the Minnesota Starvation Experiment exercised enough to burn twice that. It was grueling. "In general we felt like pretty old men," CO Bill Anderson recalled. He described his legs as "wasting away—burnt up." In 1950 Keys released a report that detailed his conclusions about starvation and its physiological, mental, and functional effects.

The Continuing Battle for Integrity

FROM THE CIVILIAN PUBLIC SERVICE program's outset, some conscientious objectors wrestled with the reality of the program's connections with the military. Sometimes what concerned them most was failing to further the pacifist cause. In 1943, two CPS men went on a nearly two-month hunger strike to protest conscription and war and, as fellow CPS assignee Paton Price put it, "dramatize the need for work...worthy of the social and moral needs of man, and to stir the pacifist movement out of its lethargy."

After the war ended, CPS assignees grew increasingly restless as they remained obligated to public service. By 1946, some COs

For a CPS man to become a US Forest Service smokejumper, he had to train as both a firefighter and a parachutist. Smokejumpers dropped down into forest fires to attack blazes from the inside—a task that had some risks in common with military combat.

were decrying the rules, regulations, and lack of pay, and their protests became more political. At camps in Glendora, California, and Big Flats, New York, officials arrested men who refused to work, charging those at Big Flats with "refusing to obey orders" and "causing a breakdown in discipline and morale in camp."

The Workers Defense League, a national labor advocacy group, opposed the arrests in a pamphlet that labeled CPS facilities "America's Concentration Camps" and the work done in them "slave labor." But that wasn't the prevailing viewpoint of the American public. "The men at Glendora are where they are by an act of grace of the people's congress, which could have as well declared them outside the law and subject to long imprisonment," read a letter to the editor printed in one newspaper, a letter that reflected popular opinion. "That is why the people's favor should not be returned in the manner it is being returned."

It all finally ended in early 1947, when the CPS camps closed.

Above, left: A member of Unit No. 49—one of some 1,400 CPS mental health workers—bathes a Philadelphia State Hospital patient in 1943. After the war, CPS men exposed inhumane conditions in mental institutions. Above, right: CPS men—like these chatting at a camp—were ordinary young men. Conscience kept them from joining their peers on battlefields overseas, but subjected them to battles of another kind at home.

Life and Reflection after the War

Allied war aims in World War II had focused on halting the Axis powers and stopping their violations of human rights. Late in the war, as horrific details of Adolf Hitler's Final Solution reached America, the news tested conscientious objectors' idealism. Merlin Taber grappled with the relevance of pacifism when his brother, a photographer traveling with American forces in Europe, showed him photos of a camp GIs had liberated. "That was my first exposure to what the death camps were...," he said. "When I looked at these pictures, I thought, 'Shouldn't I have helped to fight the Nazis who did this?' My World War II experience affected the rest of my life. [It] was making me ask myself, 'Am I really a conscientious objector? Am I, am I really a pacifist?' My reflection and reading led me to believe that I am a pacifist, partly on religious grounds and partly on the grounds that human life is sacred [and] that war is self-defeating."

Postwar testimonies from conscientious objectors suggest that most took their stand against military service neither to be glorified nor vilified. For some of them, wartime experiences led to postwar religious advocacy or service professions. Others participated in later crusades for civil rights and pacifism.

And Lew Ayres, whose beliefs on non violence had led him to serve as a combat medic? He had risked his Hollywood career for his beliefs. Now, with war behind him, he went on to make more films, work in television and radio, and produce religious documentaries. His celebrity never regained its prewar luster, but he won acclaim for playing kindly Dr. Robert Richardson in 1948's *Johnny Belinda* (for which he earned an Academy Award nomination) and the incorruptible vice president in 1962's *Advise and Consent*. It was a case of art imitating life. The characters, like Ayres himself, were men of conviction who fought on the battleground of conscience. ★

Robert Gabrick, *a contributing editor of* America in WWII, *divides his time among Wisconsin, Delaware, and California. He and* Barbara Markham *of Wilmington, Delaware, co-authored an article in our August 2006 issue on letters that families of fallen servicemen sent to the president*

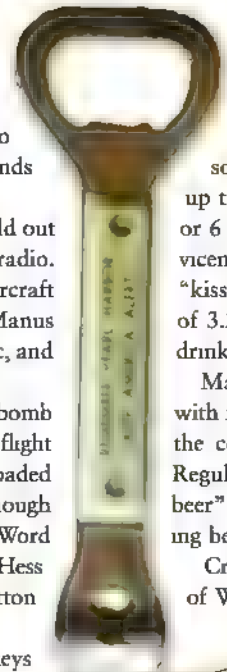
MORALE

in a 12-ounce can

Meats, veggies, and boxed rations fed the fighting man's body. Beer fed his spirit—but getting it wasn't easy.

by David A. Norris

[illegible] in a 12-ounce can



IT WAS JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS 1944, and Clancy Hess and Pat Patton were about to take off on the most unusual mission of their military careers. At the time of year known for celebration, the two marine corps pilots stationed in the Admiralty Islands were headed on a beer run—a *600-mile* beer run.

"The mechanics on the base stripped everything they could out of two planes for me and Pat Patton. The guns. The radio. Anything for extra space," Hess recalled. With their aircraft properly prepared for the task, the pilots took off from Manus Island, turned south over the waters of the Southwest Pacific, and headed for Townsville, Australia.

After landing at Townsville, the two marines crammed the bomb bays of their planes with beer and then took off for the return flight to Manus Island. They struggled all the way to keep their loaded aircraft above the wave tops, but they arrived safely with enough suds to boost the holiday spirits of many of their comrades. "Word got out what we'd done and there was quite a celebration," Hess remembers. "When we sobered up and did a little math, Patton and I had each brought about 6,000 pounds of beer."

Beer didn't quite rank with ships, planes, and tanks as keys to Allied victory in World War II, but its knack for boosting military and civilian morale made its production and distribution a surprising priority. In early 1945, when strikes paralyzed three breweries in St. Paul, Minnesota, for example, the War Labor Board intervened to get brewing back on track. Uncle Sam made it clear that he would do his best to make sure that those American fighting men who enjoyed the occasional brew got it.

It wasn't always that way. During World War I, the sale or possession of alcohol on military posts was illegal, and there was a five-mile alcohol free zone around all American military installations Selling alcohol to a man in uniform was illegal in any location. For some troops, these restrictions only increased the temptation to drink. Those who succumbed sometimes turned to bootleggers, who sold them hard liquor, which was much higher in alcohol percentage than beer. Drunkenness could happen much quicker and less predictably.

After World War I came the Prohibition years, beginning with the Volstead Act of 1919, which made alcohol illegal across the board. Following the repeal of the act in 1933, the US Army authorized soldiers to drink beer in supervised clubs, such as military canteens. The navy and marine corps did the same. But there was a catch: personnel were permitted beer with an alcohol content of up to 3.2 percent, a considerable drop from the typical 5 or 6 percent. The nearly punch less libation left many servicemen grumbling. One sailor said drinking it was like "kissing your sister." Others joked of pouring two bottles of 3.2 percent beer into a single, large glass to produce a drink of proper strength.

Many Americans considered even weak drinks a bad mix with fighting men. In an effort to remove diluted beer from the conversation altogether, the army employed rhetoric. Regulations written early in World War II stated that "3.2 beer" contained too little alcohol to qualify as an intoxicating beverage. That let GIs drink 3.2s without restriction.

Criticism nonetheless lingered, and in late 1942 the Office of War Information led a formal inquiry into GI drinking habits. Investigators released a report that referred to one payday at Camp Crowder, Missouri, in 1942 when the payouts included substantial back salary. A total of roughly $1 million was handed out, but only 16 GIs got themselves arrested for drunkenness, suggesting that maybe not too many spent too much of their windfall on alcohol. The army's Special Service Division surveyed two unrelated combat divisions and found that 34 percent of their men drank beer on "Saturday nights and pay days," 9 percent drank liquor, and 57 percent didn't drink at all. Soldiers bought more soft drinks and coffee than beer. The Office of War Information concluded that selling "3.2 beer in Army camps is a healthy and sensible arrangement," that "there is vastly less drinking among soldiers in this war than in the last war," and that the watered down brew was a "comparatively harmless substitute" for hard liquor, providing "soldiers with a mild relaxation without impairing their efficiency."

Even after the military authorized alcohol consumption, it still wasn't easy for a GI to get his hands on a beer. Though beer was not rationed during World War II as meat, rubber, and other commodities were, shrinking supplies of grain, hops, and other ingre-

PREVIOUS SPREAD: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

LEFT TOP: AMERICA IN WWII COLLECTION; LEFT: MIDDLE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Previous spread: GIs of the 835th Signal Service Battalion in steamy New Delhi, India, whoop it up after hearing of Germany's surrender. They were about as far from home as they could be and were happy that at least they could celebrate with pretzels and beer (Schlitz, in cone-top cans). Above, top: Manufacturers of the sort of can opener known as a church key offered beer drinkers chastening reminders like "Remember Pearl Harbor" and "Keep America Alert." Above, center: The brand name Lucky Lager inspired endless jokes among US Marines and GIs, who generally felt less than lucky. Opposite: Young American sailors who found themselves on remote Pacific islands might have felt like castaways—that is, until cases of pilsner from Cincinnati and Pittsburgh reached them.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

dients limited its production. Meanwhile, many brewers, most of which were located in the Northeast and Midwest, limited the distance they shipped their product, relieving pressure on the nation's railroads but causing beer shortages in the South and West. To lessen the impact on GIs, in 1943 the War Food Administration ordered brewers to allocate 15 percent of their brewing capacity for the armed forces

When beer supplies in stateside bars and cafés ran low, some owners restricted sales to one beer per customer. But stretching supplies in this way helped only so much, and many bartenders were forced to hang up "No Beer" signs. A headline in a 1943 edition of Portland's *Oregonian* captured the feeling of bar and tavern regulars everywhere: "Everything Rationed But Thirst."

Overseas, thirsty American servicemen turned to other countries for beer. Marines sometimes stumbled upon caches of Japanese beer (and sake) while capturing far-flung Pacific islands. Like the German-style lager that had become popular in the island empire during the previous half century, the Japanese beer tasted best when served chilled, which Americans liked.

GIs in England found the ale served at cellar temperature less palatable. But, as the government-supplied *A Short Guide to Great Britain* advised, "The beer is now below peacetime strength, but can still make a man's tongue wag at both ends." Soldiers and marines sent to train in Australia were half glad to read in the guide that "The main drink is beer—stronger than ours but not as cold." But Australians could get in trouble for peddling the stuff to Americans. In 1943 a Sydney man was fined 100 pounds and sent to jail for six months for selling one bottle of beer to an American sailor for four shillings.

Fortunately for the Yanks who drank beer, geared up production of American brews such as Lucky Lager and Acme Beer kept at least a trickle of suds flowing into overseas barracks, as well as to stateside post exchanges.

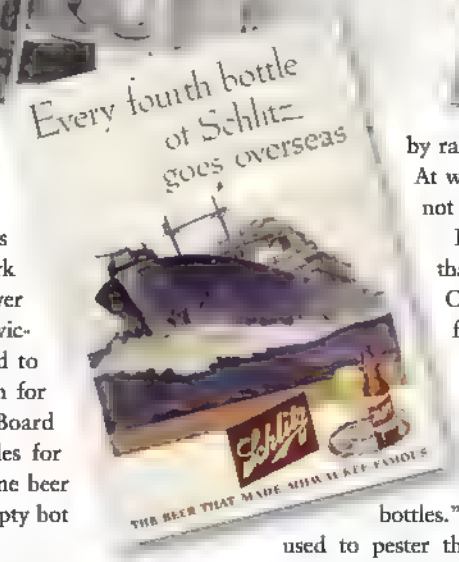
By 1942, most non keg beer came in bottles, but cans, which were more convenient, had been growing in popularity since the Krueger Brewing Company started selling beer in them in Richmond, Virginia, in 1935. There were two major types of beer cans: cone tops and flat tops. Cone tops tapered at the top and had a cap like a bottle cap. Flat tops resembled modern beer cans and were opened with what was sometimes called a "church key," the traditional can opener with a pointed triangular head at one end that pierced the top of a can to create an opening for drinking. The problem with beer cans was that they were made of tin-plated steel, and steel was needed for war items such as tanks and

NATIONAL ARCHIVES INSET; LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

warships. So in 1942 the War Production Board forbade the sale of beer and other products in so-called "tin cans."

Glass was less scarce, though bottlers struggled with shortages of labor, metal, cork for caps, and paper for labels. To use fewer caps, some companies sold beer in larger "victory quart" bottles. Americans were urged to recycle their empty bottles or return them for the deposit fee. The War Production Board banned no-deposit, throwaway beer bottles for domestic use effective April 15, 1943. Some beer sellers required customers to return one empty bottle for each full one they were buying.

Despite the bottle's obvious fragility, American manufacturers shipped millions of bottles of beer to locations around the world during the war. By September 1945 the Falstaff Brewing Corporation's plant in Omaha, Nebraska, was dispatching 35,000 cases of beer each month to overseas destinations. To do that at a reasonable cost without losing a lot of beer to bottle breakage, the plant had 100 tons of sawdust delivered every month by railcar. Six pounds went into each 24-bottle case. At war's end, Falstaff officials claimed that they had not received one complaint of a broken bottle.



In combat areas, bottles proved useful in a way that cans were not. In September 1942, Lieutenant Commander George Huff and other American fliers joined an Australian air crew on a night raid over Tulagi, in the Solomon Islands. "Our boys were ready to go home when the job was done, as it was the first action for most of them," Huff told reporters, "but the Australians had brought along a couple of cases of empty beer bottles." The Aussies had discovered that bottles could be used to pester the enemy. Huff noted that when bottles were dropped from planes, they "whistle on the way down; they scare hell out of those below."

American B-17, B-24, and PBY Catalina crews in the Pacific eventually borrowed the Aussie tactic of beer bottle bombing. In one case, some war correspondents even got into the act while they were accompanying a US Army Air Forces crew on a raid on New Georgia, in the Solomon Islands. It was a night in December

Above, top: An officer samples beer reserved for First Army troops in Belgium. Unfortunately, the Battle of the Bulge soon began, and GIs had little chance to enjoy the brew. Above, inset: A 1945 Schlitz ad sums up the significance of beer to American servicemen.

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American sailors on Mogmog, part of Ulithi Atoll in the Caroline Islands, relax with bottles of suds among the island's palm trees in November 1944. Mogmog was not only hot and humid, but overrun with giant crabs—an unsettling fact that beer might have helped the men forget.

1942 that Captain Jack N. Levi's B-17, *Typhoon McGoon*, took off lugging dual payloads: bombs and beer bottles. After the bomber dumped its deadlier cargo over a Japanese airfield, the nervous newsmen loosed the bottles, which were stored in the plane's radio compartment. The shrieking sound that assaulted the unsuspecting enemies below gave the reporters "revenge for the sleepless nights they had endured during the Japanese shelling and bombing" of Guadalcanal earlier in the year.

By 1944 ENOUGH STEEL WAS AVAILABLE to begin producing beer in cans for GIs overseas. During the war's final two years, national and regional breweries packed and shipped out more than one billion special camouflage beer cans. Each can was coated completely with rustproof paint that prevented sunlight from flashing off the shiny metal and perhaps giving away a soldier's or unit's position. Each can also featured the beer brand's usual logo.

Despite all the will and effort to get beer to the thirsty and lonely GI, the military could accomplish only so much, given the limited resources, the 1940s-era transportation, and a world swarming with enemy armies, navies, and air forces. As the editors of *Yank: The Army Weekly* informed one disgruntled GI, "In shipping space priorities, ammunition, food, mail and necessities come first. All other commodities must wait their turn."

So servicemen in remote locations found beer an especially rare commodity. Writing for the China Burma India edition of *Yank: The Army Weekly*, Sergeant Lou Stomen noted, "China is one of the few U.S. stations where troops are not supplied with a beer ration. Across the Hump in India, U.S. soldiers receive regular rations, but air-freight space over the Hump is much too precious for hauling beer."

Sergeant Dave Richardson arrived in China early in 1945 with the first convoy to travel the newly reopened Ledo-Burma Road. In Yunnanyi he ran into a handful of eager GIs and immediate questions. "One held up an empty beer case and yelled: 'Where's the beer? We only got two cans this month and four in December,'" Richardson wrote. He was grilled many more times on the same subject.

The war's end in September 1945 freed up plenty of steel for beer cans. Ironically, the subsequent end of restrictions on canned beer for civilian consumption eventually led to another beer-related problem: a shortage of can openers. But with the war now a thing of the past, the solution to this problem wasn't so tough: the Vaughn Novelty Manufacturing Company of Chicago announced plans to make 100 million can openers.

DAVID A. NORRIS *of Wilmington, North Carolina, writes regularly for* America in WWII.

WAR STORIES

A WWII Scrapbook

COURTESY OF KENNEY NELSON

UNDER FIRE IN A B-29

I WAS A MEMBER OF the first B-29 Superfortress bomber unit to be deployed overseas to India and China. It was the 58th Bomb Wing. I was in the 770th Bomb Squadron, in the wing's 462nd Bomb Group. I was a photo interpreter and one of three sergeants in the States assigned as a group gunnery instructor. In China, I was assigned to the intelligence department, where I discovered a Chinese training area that housed foreign aircraft, including a flyable Japanese Zero [a Mitsubishi A6M fighter].

Our unit moved to Tinian Island, which is a part of the Marianas group in the Pacific. There I was again assigned as one of the group gunnery instructors, with the additional duty of flying in combat over Japan. I flew nine combat missions before the end of the war.

One afternoon, I received word that I was flying out. At the briefing that evening, I found out the target was an aircraft plant southwest of Osaka, Japan, a hot target section and a well protected defense area. With clearance from the control tower, we headed north toward our first checkpoint, Iwo Jima.

Passing over the island at night, we changed our route toward Osaka. As B-29s passed over Iwo Jima, Japanese scouts would radio ahead and give a three hour warning that B-29s were on their way. Our aircraft were strung out in a single line, with the squadron leader in the lead aircraft. Approaching the Japanese shoreline early in the morning, the leader started a wide circle off the coast. He lowered his nose wheel so everyone would recognize his aircraft. As the planes approached, they fell into their position, either to the right or left of this V formation. Once all the aircraft were in position, the leader raised the nose wheel, and we crossed the coast and headed north to the enclosed Sea of Japan.

Unlike prior missions, we were so low that I could spot people on the ground. Coming down the Sea of Japan, there was a prewar ocean liner with six mine sweepers ahead in a half circle, checking for underwater mines. Spotting our formation, the mine sweepers all took off, away from the liner. In our B-29's gunnery compartment, there was a door leading into the rear bomb bay. With the bomb bay doors open, I had a clear view passing over the liner. There was no one outside, and there were no guns protecting this ship. It would have been an easy target, but we were under orders to knock out the aircraft plant. Our radio operator sent a message to our navy.

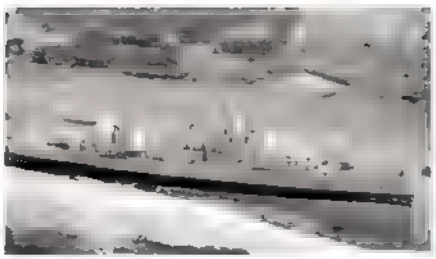
Above: Kenney Nelson poses in the cockpit of a Japanese Zero that was shot down over Shanghai. General Claire Lee Chennault, the American leader of the Republic of China Air Force, flew this fighter to learn how to destroy Zeros in battle.

Suddenly I happened to look out the right window and spotted a Japanese Zero fighter at the same elevation as us, about half a mile away, flying in the same direction. As I gave a warning to the gunners, this Japanese plane went into a dive and entered white clouds. There was a loud explosion in our front bomb bay from a shell. Parts of the shell burst into our compartment, missing my hand by inches and heading for the right gunner. Later we found part of the shell in the wall packing.

Suddenly, I heard a loud noise. On our left, ahead of and above us, a B-29 disappeared in a fireball. The left gunner grabbed my leg and pointed up and behind. A B-29 was in a dive. We counted seven crew members escaping from the escape hatch next to the nose wheel. The people in the back couldn't escape and went down with the ship. The armed Japanese fishing fleet did not take prisoners.

We had entered the bay off Osaka. Under our B-29 was the last Japanese aircraft carrier. We were so low that I could see the Japanese running across the flight deck. I had a clear view of the fighters with their red ball markings on the body and wings. White puffs of smoke rose around the center of the ship from their gunfire.

We passed over the city, noticing that not a single building was standing, and there were mostly open fields. We crossed over hills into the farm country, then came this



NATIONAL ARCHIVES

The USS *George A. Johnson* ran aground in October 1966 after breaking tow on its way to San Diego. This photo was taken just before it was disassembled.

giant flat-roof building, which was the aircraft factory. I saw holes appear in the roof, and a second later, fireballs were coming from the holes the bombs had exposed.

Our bombardier released our complete load, and our aircraft jumped straight up in the air as full power was given. The aircraft turned and headed for the coast. Once there, we climbed up. We had discovered that there were strong winds going in the same direction, which could double our speed home. The bad news was we had lost our oxygen and had to stay below 10,000 feet. It was announced that we had lost a lot of gasoline and couldn't make it back home. We had a very slim chance of making it to Iwo Jima. Normally, at this point the crew would break out food and drinks and review the mission. Now everyone was silent, thinking about whether or not he would make it home.

Hours later someone called out, "I see it! I see it!" Someone said, "What do you see?" He answered that Iwo Jima was ahead and to the left. For the first time, the crew was smiling. It took from one to five that afternoon to land all the aircraft

On the ground, a marine guard gave the crew a walking tour of the island, where we witnessed the bay and beach—where the landings were made by the marines—filled with many half sunken ships. We walked across the battlefield, filled with broken equipment and shot-up jeeps, along with other material. The marine walked over to a white-fenced area containing a lone evergreen tree. It had a sign that said "National Forest of Iwo Jima." Keep in mind, Iwo Jima sits on a hot spring and no plants can grow there on that hot soil, meaning that each day, marines came with buckets of water to keep that tree growing.

Once all the aircraft had landed and been serviced, we took off again late in the afternoon and returned home about 10 that night.

Kenney Nelson
WWII B-29 crewman
Camarillo, California

SEEING DAD'S WWII SHIP

MY FATHER WAS a sailor during WWII. His ship was the USS *George A. Johnson (DE-583)*, a *Rudrow*-class destroyer escort. It was being towed from San Francisco to San Diego to be scrapped when the tow line broke and the ship ran aground in Pacifica, California. My father pulled me out of school to go see it. It was a time I'll never forget. The navy was unable to free the ship from the beach, so it was sold and scrapped right there.

Carmen Russo
received via Facebook

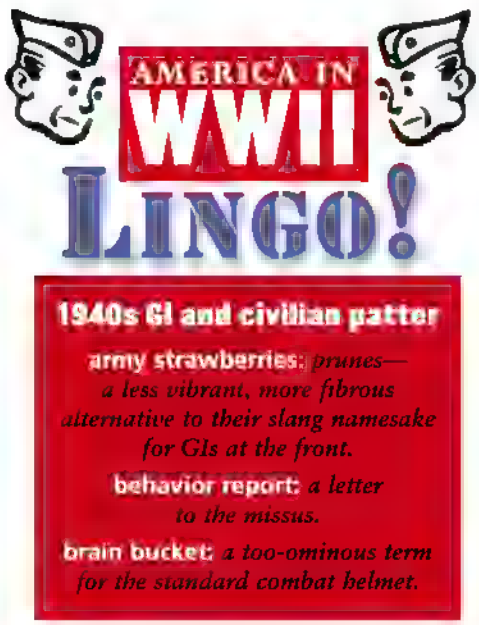
A DAY FOR JEEP-FRIED EGGS

IT WAS A DIFFERENT LIFE, time, and war—you just had to go. So, underage at 16 1/2, I joined the US Merchant Marine at Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, New York, in September 1944. It's nice to recall birthdays at the ice cream parlor with friends, but due to the times, I celebrated my 17th birthday on February 21, 1945, in the Persian Gulf.

We played ball against the US Army and Russians in 135-degree heat. What the hell! We were young Americans. But on Aug 25, 1945—oh, my God, it was 171 degrees! You could do your scrambled eggs on the jeep fender! I was not there then in August. I was somewhere in East Africa. Whenever I meet vets of today, I ask how hot it was over there. 120? 130? Gee, must have been winter!

At the tender age of 85 3/4, I'm still doing fife and drum parades

Jack O'Brien
US Merchant Marine
Hoboken, New Jersey


AMERICA IN
WWII
LINGO!
1940s GI and civilian patter
army strawberries: prunes—a less vibrant, more fibrous alternative to their slang namesake for GIs at the front.
behavior report: a letter to the missus.
brain bucket: a too-ominous term for the standard combat helmet.

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I WAS THERE

The Old Army Meets Blitzkrieg

by General William B. Rosson • contributed by Garnette Helvey Bane

COURTESY OF GARNETTE HELVEY BANE

By the young age of 25, William B. Rosson was a rising star in the US Army. The upward path for this Iowa native and longtime Oregonian had begun in 1940, after he completed the Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC) program at the University of Oregon and graduated Phi Beta Kappa to be commissioned a second lieutenant—just in time to experience the prewar US Army's struggle to become modern enough for World War II.

By the time the United States entered the war, Rosson was a first lieutenant; by the end he was a lieutenant colonel. He fought in 10 campaigns with the 3rd Infantry Division, in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, and Germany. As a battalion commander at Anzio, Italy, in 1944, he received the Distinguished Service Cross, America's second-highest military honor. He participated in four amphibious assaults and helped plan the August 1944 invasion of southern France, fighting all the way to Germany with the 3rd Division. There, he commanded the 30th Infantry Regiment on occupation duty until 1946.

Rosson earned numerous medals and ribbons, but didn't regard them seriously and frequently didn't wear them. Once, while he was serving as an aide to British Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery in Europe, Montgomery asked the officers present how many ribbons they had earned. Knowing Montgomery had 35, Rosson replied "36." The room fell quiet. Rosson thought his career was finished, but meeting attendees later thanked him for his quick wit.

In the following lightly edited full and partial letters, Rosson reflects on his experience of the US Army's preparation for World War II. While some things needed to change, he shows, other timeless army precepts still held true. The letters were written as answers to inquiries from Lieutenant General E.M. Flanagan, Jr., a retired army officer and author who was doing research for a book.

In the first letter, Rosson tells Flanagan how the lessons of Germany's 1939–1940 blitzkrieg forced US infantry units to retool and retrain—if reluctantly—for combat that included tanks and planes.

During my final year at the University of Oregon, the world witnessed the Nazi conquest of Poland, Denmark, Norway, The Netherlands, and Belgium in campaigns featuring armor, airborne and tactical air support in a "blitzkrieg" mode. The latter caught the imagination of the ROTC, us cadets about to enter active duty upon graduation....

When I reported to my first unit (E Company, 15th Infantry, and Fort Lewis [in Tacoma, Washington]) on 9 June 1940, I eagerly wanted information on what the Army was planning to do to acquire blitzkrieg capabilities. Our interest was fueled because the Germans were driving on to Paris. When Paris fell on 14 June, much was made...[of the fact] that Germany had conquered The Netherlands, Belgium and France in just 37 days...!

On 1 July 1940, I was transferred to the 7th Infantry at Vancouver Barracks [in Oregon]. The Regiment was engaged in a road march from Fort Ord, CA, following a major maneuver, and as march units pulled into the post, I noticed that water-cooled machine guns, air-cooled machine guns, and automatic rifles were mounted in various ad hoc ways on vehicles. These represented an attempt to cope with hypothetical "Stuka" dive bombers [Junkers Ju 87s] that had bombed and strafed allied...columns in Europe.

Subsequently, extended-order drill, small unit exercises, and foot marches called for emphasis on greater intervals and distances between individuals and formations to reduce vulnerability to artillery and tank fire and air-delivered munitions. Attention was

William Rosson (right) became close friends with Lieutenant Colonel Paschenko of the Soviet Red Army's 21st Guards Motor Rifle Division. Rosson's wife, Bertha, has recently written to the Russian embassy in Washington, DC, inquiring about Paschenko with the hope of getting in touch with him.

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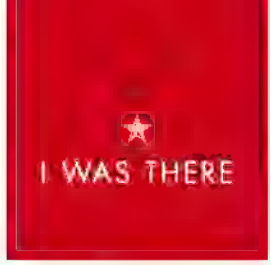

devoted to rear-area and key installation security against airborne attacks. An officers' school concentrated on German operations. Another dealt with writings by General Charles de Gaulle on armored warfare. (De Gaulle was lauded for having conducted a successful French armored counterattack against the Germans along the Somme River [in May 1940].) As 1940–1941 unfolded, military journals and popular press began featuring analytical articles on the war in Europe, including emphasis on the roles of armor and air.

This stimulated thought and discussion within officer ranks at the tactical level. Evident was a high order of respect for German arms and a feeling that the US was confronted by [an] urgent need to "catch up...." After Pearl Harbor, the sense of urgency heightened....

[Enthusiasm] to train with tanks was high among young infantry officers, but it was not until the 7th Infantry had joined the entire 3rd Infantry Division at Fort Lewis in 1941 that our Regiment had a chance to see light tanks. Infantry-tank training was limited to a handful of tank firing demonstrations and rudimentary offensive and defensive exercises involving the attachment of one or two light tanks to an infantry company....

Interest in anti-tank capabilities within the Regiment was marginal. The Headquarters Company contained a 37mm anti tank platoon, but the rifle companies were concerned when guns were committed to a company defense position. This changed... when a regimental anti tank company was established. Still equipped with the towed 37mm gun (later increased to 57mm), its place assumed heightened importance not only as being in cadence with modern blitzkrieg demands, but the first effort at [the] infantry tactical unit level to modernize....

[A] cannon company added to the infantry regiment was another step in the direction of modernization in 1941. This organization was equipped with a turret-mounted 75mm pack howitzer placed atop a light tank chassis.... Its primary role was delivery of direct assault fire. In the end, the cannon often proved to be most useful as a troop transporter [with infantrymen riding on it].

We had two officer schools dealing with various aspects of air support, including reconnaissance. We worked with Navy and Marine Corps naval gunfire and air support teams in amphibious training. In our first WWII combat operation in North Africa ([Operation] Torch, 8 November 1942), the naval gunfire training produced excellent results—as the air support training did in subsequent amphibious operations in the Mediterranean.

The officer corps had a number of men who spent most of the years between WWI and WWII in company grade. Many stagnated and others failed to prepare for higher responsibilities. The same group contained a number of senior lieutenants and captains who had taken advantage of the Army school system and self-study for advancement. My informal "tracking" in both categories showed a few of the "stagnators" became battalion and regimental commanders during WWII, and the "preparers" later became general officers [higher-ranking]....

COURTESY OF GARNETT HELVEY BANE

Rosson (right) stands at the entrance to Allied headquarters in Kassel, Germany, with another officer, while commanding the 30th Infantry Regiment with the German occupation army on postwar occupation duty.

At Flanagan's behest, Rosson critiques how well army training prepared him to be a WWII field officer—and sings the praise of sergeants

CONCERNING THE PRE-WWII ARMY, my date of entry—June, 1940—gave me little opportunity...[other than to] follow the practices it had developed over the years.... [Rosson's use of "pre-WWII Army" refers to the army before the United States joined the war in December 1941, even as the war raged on in Europe from 1939.] Still, I regard my membership in the [pre-war] Regular Army...as having exerted strong...influence on my development as an officer.

Individual training for the Infantry... was based on an annual cycle that had undergone only one major change in roughly two decades—replacement of horses and mules by vehicles. There had been other changes—the M 1 rifle for the Springfield, simplified close-order drill, upgraded mortars, and machine guns, to cite several—but [these] were not major. Officers knew their jobs "by heart," but went through the paces again. I found garrison training to be perfunctory and boring.

Until arrival of new officers and selectees in 1941, training was confined to morning hours.... Night training (bivouac) was one day a month. Weapons-firing, including qualification, [was] conducted during a single annual period. Regimental schools for cooks, bakers, and those needed to fill vacancies in communications, chemical, pioneering, driving, maintenance, and other specialties were adequate.

Although my regiment conducted officers' school once a month, it was pathetic by today's standards. There was no progressive curriculum, and some instructors simply read from field manuals. I found the small post library to be professionally rewarding, especially the publications by various Army schools. For the first time, I became interested in armor and aviation, each of which seemed to provide a leading wave of innovation that projected my thinking beyond the Infantry-Artillery team.

A frustrating aspect of training was the small size of line companies. My company had two officers and 66 men. When those on detached service, special duty, and regimental detail were joined by those on the "sick, lame, and lazy" list, we had no more than 40 men available for training. Field

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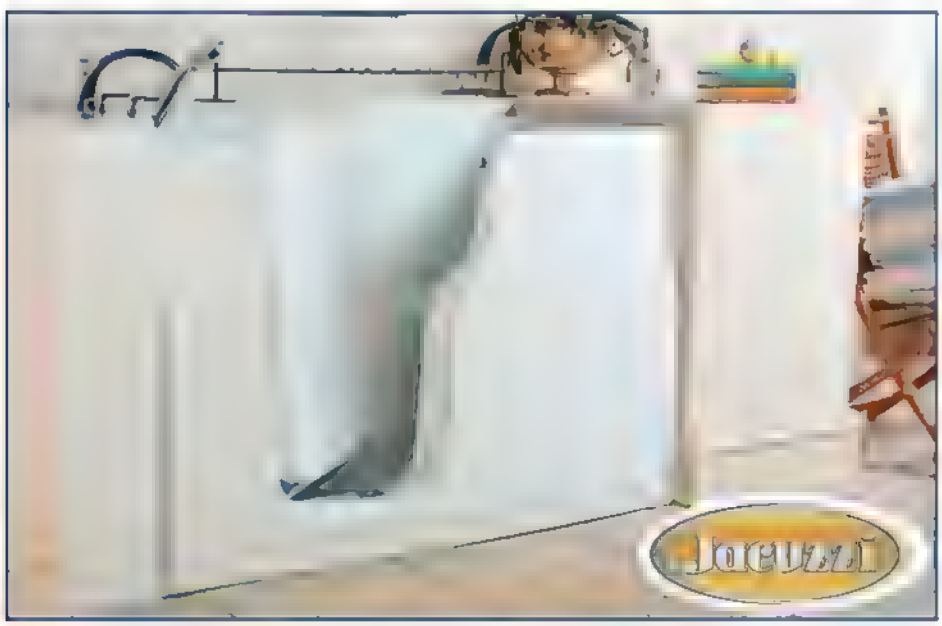

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problems required use of ad hoc squads and platoons, an arrangement...I found detrimental to teamwork.

Two-sided platoon field exercises were carried out occasionally by my company. We never deployed against another company, nor did my battalion deploy against another battalion in the course of home-station training [on the unit's home base]. On one occasion a G Company patrol was charged with penetrating the defensive perimeter of an I Company platoon at night. Despite careful preparation and unvarnished zeal for success, our patrol was discovered....

Maneuvers away from home station impressed me. This stemmed from the chance they afforded companies, battalions, and regiments to operate as complete units—understrength or otherwise. They provided the psychological uplift of "fighting" an adversary.

Especially interesting was the planning that went into maneuvers, the motor and rail movements—all conducted with surprising efficiency—and the basic soundness of supply and maintenance. Following one such maneuver in west central Washington in the fall of 1940, I asked the Regimental S-3 [the officer responsible for troop training], First Lieutenant (later General) Ben Harrell, how he acquired the knowledge of regimental planning and operations. His answer: The Infantry School and self-study.

...I believe that I benefitted least from association with the formalized training of the day. [But] I was blessed by the system wherein I received from the first sergeant (and other noncommissioned officers) instruction in the fundamentals of company weapons, administration, mess, supply, and guard duty. Occasionally, they conducted night field classes on the compass and sights. Thanks to the interest of one veteran sergeant who held the regimental rifle championship, I took high officer honors on the range. I learned from the noncommissioned officers "what soldiering is all about." It became apparent that they had taken upon themselves the task of making an officer of me. My debt to them is great, indeed.

The pre-WWII Army exerted strong and beneficial influence on my development as an officer. I believe that the pre-war Army possessed a mystique that influenced its

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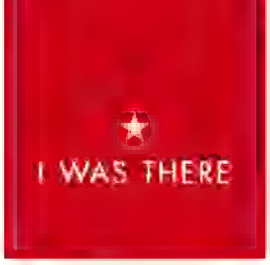

members. It was not something that lends itself to simple definition: pride, commitment, honor, professionalism, and dedication. I felt it in the form of pride in being part of the history of the "Regulars," and in the desire to live up to their highest and best traditions

My service as a young Regular provided me with basic junior officer competence and self-confidence, the importance of hard work and reaching for additional responsibility, recognition of need to inspect two echelons below and prepare for duties two echelons above.

The early Army did not teach me to delegate. I went through most of the war overextending myself unnecessarily, and failing to afford full developmental opportunities to subordinates. Fortunately, I "grew out" of the affliction before war's end....

Rosson relates a timeless army truth: there is no good military unit without satisfactory chow.

WHEN I WAS UNDER the tutelage of noncommissioned officers of G Company, 7th Infantry Regiment, in 1940, the first sergeant commented that he had never known of a "good" company that did not have a "good" mess, nor had he known of a "poor" company that did not have a "poor" mess. He said the path to a soldier's loyalty and willing cooperation was through his stomach. (He maintained that the surest way of producing an uncooperative "problem" soldier lay not through affronting his stomach, but through denying him his personal dignity.)

I learned about the organization/operation of a company mess, including acquisition of ability to identify factors that differentiated "good" from "poor" messes. Although most of the learning was accomplished within G Company itself, I was able to take advantage of a course on garrison and field messing sponsored by the regimental S-4 [supply officer]....

Typical of most of the rifle companies of the Regiment, G Company had 66 noncommissioned officers and lower-ranking men. Its mess was in a detached wooden building of WWI design. The mess sergeant was a senior non-commissioned officer. The mess, under his management, was considered to be one of the best in the Regiment. With his retirement, a 15 year company commander assumed interest in the mess, and was concerned about replacing the outgoing mess sergeant with a veteran sergeant from another company who had asked for a transfer; or, [he wondered,] should he give the post to a recently-promoted "buck" sergeant [the lowest sergeant rank] in G Company who had risen from several years' duty as a first cook and understudy to the mess sergeant. After considerable soul-searching, the captain decided to go with the G Company candidate.

It was to this "junior" noncommissioned officer (32 years of age, 12 years' service) that the first sergeant assigned responsibility for serving as my mess instructor. I soon discovered it was a responsibility he shouldered with little enthusiasm.... I imposed as light a burden on him as possible, but we

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-WWII Vet Bernard Cheney and grandson Peter Edwards
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both came to accept that to learn what I needed to learn, I had to be "in his hair" more than he preferred.

All the regular cooks learned as apprentices; each additionally had attended a regimental cooks' and bakers' school. The recently promoted first cook was an excellent butcher, as was the mess sergeant. Assisting the mess staff was a daily contingent of kitchen police (KPs) detailed by roster from within the company. A few of those slots were filled by soldiers who received the duty under the then existing system of company punishment. Under close supervision of the mess sergeant and the senior cook, KPs performed duties such as setting tables, peeling vegetables, hand washing dishes and utensils, cleaning table tops after meals, mopping the kitchen and dining room floors, cleaning kitchen ranges, disposing of garbage, and assisting the mess sergeant in purchasing and storing food.

With unannounced sanitary inspections the norm, strong emphasis was given to cleanliness of the mess and mess personnel. By and large, KP duty, especially on weekends, was disliked by soldiers even though each grudgingly acknowledged its importance to the operation of a "good" mess.

With respect to operation of the mess, my mentor recommended that I become familiar with the daily meal preparation cycle. I reported once or twice a week at 0400 [4 A.M.] to observe the preparation of breakfast .

In one of the breakfast preparation sessions, the mess sergeant noted that one of

US ARMY FROM *YANK DOWN UNDER* MARCH 7 1944 CARTOONIST SGT GEORGE BAKER

Rosson wrote about the problems of bad food service operations in US Army units and their effect on troop morale. This installment of *Sad Sack*, a comic created and drawn by Sergeant George Baker during the war, shows bad operations to exaggerated effect. *Sad Sack* appeared in the army's weekly magazine, *Yank*, and GIs roared when they saw inanities that they knew all too well.

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the KPs had failed to report. Another KP was dispatched to get him. When the offender finally put in an appearance he contended that the charge of quarters had failed to awaken him (a charge that proved later to be incorrect; he had been awakened, but had gone back to sleep). The sergeant followed up on the allegation and ordered the man to get to work. Instead, the private became belligerent about unfair treatment, ending the statement by requesting a transfer. With that, the sergeant ushered the private outside the kitchen to a service road. From inside, the sounds of a struggle were heard, including several hard blows. Shortly, the sergeant returned, his olive drab shirt ripped down the front from the collar, and asked my assistance in taking the man to the orderly room. When I stepped outside, I found the private on his hands and knees, his face and one eye badly puffed and blood dripping from his mouth.

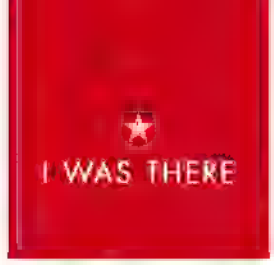
When we reached the orderly room, it became apparent that several of his teeth had been knocked loose! While the sergeant attended to the man, I telephoned the first sergeant at his quarters to apprise him of the incident. He...suggested I return to the kitchen. Later, following the reveille formation which I customarily took for the company commander, the first sergeant informed me that he would handle the matter with the company commander. Should I be asked about it, I should simply say that I had been present at the kitchen, but had not observed the encounter.

As it turned out, nothing came of the incident, even though the private required medical treatment. When I asked the company commander whether he would be willing to transfer the man, he stated he would not: First, no other unit would have him; second, he considered himself responsible for "taking care of his own dirty laundry"....

Décor of the mess hall was an important consideration, and timely effort was devoted to provision of window curtains, table coverings and appealing wall decorations....

A river of alcohol ran through the WWII US Army, Rosson told Flanagan.

IN RESPONSE TO YOUR questions about alcohol in the military, some have maintained that such use served two purposes: To generate courage and to provide an escape from the rigors of military duty and



the carnage of combat.

Others have contended that use of alcohol by US ground and naval forces is traceable to the traditions of European forces, to those of the United Kingdom in particular. It has been argued that use of alcohol within our armed forces simply mirrors the pattern of use within the unique society that developed and expanded during America's formative years.

Whatever the background, the pre-WWII and WWII Army not only were a "hard drinking" Army, but one that harbored a certain pride in that identity. Within the officer corps, liquor was a central aspect of social life. Drinking tended to be heavy, especially for junior officers. Resulting hangovers were regarded more as a badge of manhood than as an erosion of effectiveness. Various older hands among the officers would be classified as alcoholics today. As long, however, as an officer's conduct and performance on post were such as to avoid flagrant damage to his status as an officer and a gentleman, he was tolerated—even protected—by those around him. Observed drunkenness on or off post on the part of an officer, on the other hand, was regarded with concern. Disciplinary action below court martial invariably was taken in such cases. Significantly, I can recall having known no teetotaler during my service with the "old Army."

Noncommissioned officers and lower-ranking enlisted men who used alcohol assumed a different character, in that only beer was available to them, at designated recreation facilities on post. Possession of hard liquor, wine, or beer in barracks was a punishable offense, but married noncommissioned officers were permitted to have all three in quarters.

The most common alcohol related problem among lower-ranking enlisted men was fighting in the beer hall—one customarily handled unofficially by noncommissioned officers. Of far greater moment, however, were the predictably certain disturbances that would occur on payday evenings at taverns and houses of prostitution frequent-

ed by soldiers in nearby civilian communities. Military police and unit courtesy patrols relieved local police from having to deal with men who imbibed too heavily, but despite this longstanding civil–military arrangement, some of the disturbances were not helpful to community relations and required disciplinary action.

Like noncommissioned officers, officers occasionally were absent without leave (AWOL) in connection with alcohol abuse. They were "covered" by some commanders. In two cases with which I am familiar, however, both officers subsequently were disgraced and disciplined. The comment of one of my battalion commanders in 1940 summed up, in a way, the place of drinking in the Army. When asked to list the traits he considered most import to success as an officer, he stated: "Well, to begin with, can he hold his liquor?"

Rosson went on to serve on the US Army General Staff at the Pentagon, at NATO headquarters in Paris, in combat commands in Vietnam, and in other high-level positions. In 1975, he retired as a four-star general at age 57. His numerous military awards included the Legion of Merit, the Bronze Star, the Purple Heart, and the Doughboy Award, the National Infantry Association's highest honor. After retirement, he enrolled at Oxford University and earned a master's degree in international relations.

When he was 62 years old and living in Florida, the lifelong bachelor stopped in Roanoke, Virginia, on his way to the Pentagon, to pay respects to the widow of George Roddo Mitchell, with whom he had served in the army. Several years later, in 1987, Rosson and Bertha Roupas Angel Mitchell wed.

Rosson involved himself in the effort to establish the National D-Day Memorial in Bedford, Virginia, to honor the men wounded and killed in the Normandy landings of June 6, 1944. The memorial officially opened on June 6, 2001. Rosson died three years later, on December 12, 2004. ★

GARNETTE HELVEY BANE, *a former print and broadcast journalist, is principal of Garnette Bane and Associates, a marketing and public relations agency in Greenville, South Carolina.*

The Major's War: Worth Fighting For
By E M Owsiany

A story of loyalty, courage, and trust among soldiers, is as sweeping as it is intimate, exploring men who must learn to depend on each other implicitly as friends and comrades as war tears their lives—and world—apart. A book of uncommon depth and suspense, The Major's War: Worth Fighting For is an unflinching look at the lives of the men who fought in WWII and the price they paid for their country—and each other

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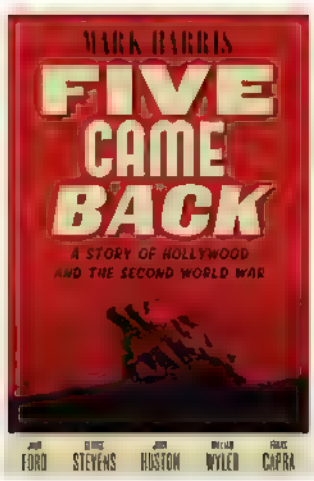
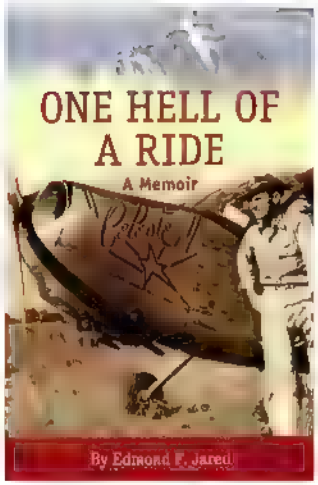
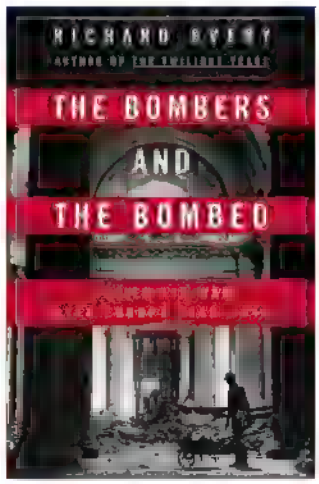
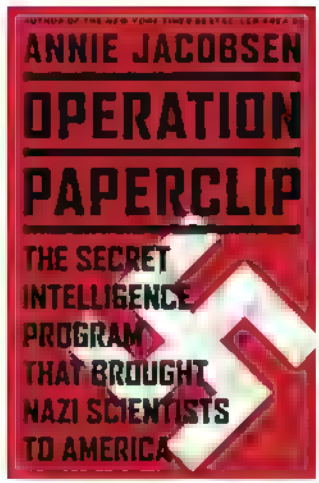








Five Came Back: A Story of Hollywood and the Second World War
by Mark Harris, Penguin,
528 pages, $29.95

WITHIN THE DENSELY packed pages of *Five Came Back*, author Mark Harris tells the story of how President Franklin D. Roosevelt's War Department and the Hollywood film industry formed a partnership at the outset of World War II to produce "a sustained program of filmed propaganda." From that partnership, Harris tracks the experiences of five prominent film directors and discusses how they shaped the images and impressions of the war that were delivered to civilians and soldiers

The contributions of directors John Ford, William Wyler, George Stevens, John Huston, and Frank Capra "came about in part because they were not only willing to serve, but eager to invent a program where none existed," writes Harris; "they brought expertise and initiative to the table in an area that career military officers had neither the time nor the interest to master."

The partnership was by no means a natural fit. The movie industry feared government censure, regulation, and investigation, while Washington was envious of and a little uneasy about Hollywood's ability to move the American public. Even so, Harris writes, a few senior officers, including US Army Chief of Staff General George Marshall, knew the movies brought Americans out by tens of millions every week, stirring them to "laughter, tears and anger, and, increasingly to patriotism." War Department officials "believed that the country, and the armed forces, had something to gain by the deployment of people who knew how to tell stories with cameras." Roosevelt, for his part, had successfully used short films and newsreels to promote his New Deal. He understood that Hollywood had the expertise to make better films than the government could.

Three months before the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor, the movie director John Ford began his service with the navy Heading a documentary film unit in 1942, he produced the 18 minute *The Battle of Midway*, for which he helped shoot footage with a handheld 16mm camera. It won one of four Oscars for Best Documentary. In 1943 he helped create *December 7th*, which won the 1944 Oscar for Best Documentary, Short Subjects.

Acclaimed director William Wyler served in the US Army Air Forces, where he filmed footage for the classic WWII documentary *The Memphis Belle: A Story of a Flying Fortress* (1944). He also directed *The Fighting Lady* (1944), which won an Oscar for Best Documentary

George Stevens joined the army and filmed, among other things, the Nazi extermination camp of Dachau. Two of his documentaries, *Nazi Concentration and Prison Camps* and *The Nazi Plan*, both from 1945, were shown as evidence during the Nuremburg Trials. Witnesses say the impact of the films on the courtroom was palpable. Harris writes, "Stevens's films had done what weeks of testimony had not: It had made [the defendants'] crimes irrefutable, and their fates inevitable." It was not without cost to Stevens, though. He remained long haunted by what he had seen.

Director John Huston produced three documentaries for the army, including the raw and controversial *Let There Be Light* (1946), which showed emotionally and physically broken young men during their stay at Mason General Hospital on Long Island.

Frank Capra joined the army but stayed mainly in Washington, where he made a series of propaganda films entitled *Why We Fight*.

Some of these directors ran into controversy, such as Huston, who used re-created

battle scenes in one of his films. And after the war they all found that the conflict had forever altered moviegoers' expectations. Audiences, Harris writes, now had a thirst for the "social realism" found in dramas about "alcoholism and mental illness and anti-Semitism and racism that would catapult a new generation of directors like Billy Wilder and Elia Kazan to the forefront of Hollywood picturemaking...."

For Stevens, Huston, and Ford, writes Harris, war experiences "had strengthened their resolve to let nothing compromise their work, not even popular taste." Capra, however, found the new type of film being made by his fellow directors distasteful. He didn't know how to do "what they were doing." His last great effort was *It's a Wonderful Life* (1946), which lost the Oscar for Best Picture in 1947 to Wyler's *The Best Years of Our Lives*, an intensely personal film that explored the rift between damaged soldiers and the indifferent home front to which they returned.

Harris has no point to prove, no axe to grind, no secret to unveil. Refreshingly, he simply recounts an episode from the past just as it happened. He provides a thoroughly researched, well-documented, and well-written account of a highly successful partnership between the government and Hollywood—a partnership that some might argue continues to flourish.

ALLYSON PATTON
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

One Hell of a Ride: A Memoir

by Edmond F. Jared, Interview You, 184 pages, $24.95

THERE WAS NO SUCH THING as a routine flight for WWII pilots. Given the balky machinery of the era, even the most innocuous puddle jump, hundreds of miles away from the front lines, was fraught with peril.

But "peril" doesn't begin to describe the infamous supply route over the Hump, the eastern Himalayas. That passage claimed some 1,700 Allied lives and nearly 600 Allied aircraft. Nevertheless, without the hundreds of thousands of tons of matériel delivered by Hump pilots flying east, it would have been impossible for China-based Allied units to press the fight against the Japanese.

One of the Hump's unsung heroes was a 24-year-old US Army Air Forces pilot from Jacksonville, Florida, named Edmond F. Jared. Looking back at his time flying over the Himalayas, he recalled, "We had mountains that ran to 23,000 feet just north of us, and if you got lost and got up in that area, you could smack into them, because the airplanes we had would not get above 21,000 feet. And if you lost an engine..., the airplane wouldn't get half that high...."

On one early mission, one of the engines on Jared's twin propeller transport plane quit. Relying on instruments alone—because visibility was near zero—Jared managed to nurse the craft onto a Chinese airstrip

Jared, who passed away in 2012, recalled his days of negotiating the Hump in a marvelous 2008 memoir called *One Hell of a Ride*. The book shows that the Himalayas weren't the only obstacles young Jared had to overcome. He was the son of a no-nonsense Great War infantry sergeant who reupped in the early 1930s after his photography business went bust. His father bounced from post to post before being transferred to the Civilian Conservation Corps. The Jareds lived in a series of CCC camps, ending up in 1936 in Hilliard, Florida, north of Jacksonville, where Jared's father abruptly left the family.

Jared had no choice but to quit school and help his mother make ends meet. His first job was as a department store gofer. At 16, he was managing a grocery's produce section while his mother made doughnuts a couple of aisles over. Somehow, mother and son "managed to get along," Jared wrote.

Two and a half years before America entered the war, the 19-year-old Jared was thrilled to be one of 10 Jacksonville area winners of a government-sponsored contest offering free flight instruction. He earned his wings and borrowed $700 from his father to pursue a career as a private pilot. Between aviation classes, he courted and married a spirited brunette named Celeste Harrell. Later, during the war, he would have "Celeste" painted on the side of a single-seat Stinson L-5 Sentinel reconnaissance plane that survived several hairy moments over the Hump.

Like millions of Americans, the Jareds' lives were upended by the Pearl Harbor attack. Celeste and two young children followed Jared as he became a pilot trainer and transport flier at bases all over the States. Itching to get into combat, Flight Officer Jared had a hunch he'd be sent to the China-Burma-India (CBI) theater, like many of his trainees. In the fall of 1944, he found himself on the *Fireball Express*, a Douglas C-84 that ferried him and scores of other Hump flyers to India.

Jared encamped at Misamari, the busiest of the Hump embarkation bases. When not hauling 500-pound bombs and 55-gallon gasoline drums, he shared a thatched-roof basha (a grass hut) with three other fliers. He and his bunkmates wore gas masks when they used the primitive outhouse facilities

Jared flew all kinds of crates in the CBI, from Curtiss C-46 Commando transports to single-propeller search-and-rescue planes. When the Japanese finally surrendered, Jared looked down from the sky on fireworks and thousands of celebratory bonfires. He finally left for home almost three months later, in November 1945. "As we steamed out of Karachi Harbor," Jared recalled, "they played—through the loudspeaker system on the ship—'Sentimental Journey.' It was a wonderful thing to do."

Like other returning veterans, Jared set to work building a good life and helping forge America's wondrous postwar society. Settling in Gainesville, Georgia, he helped run an aviation business, established a military food service company, and became a pillar of the community. The Jareds had two more kids (and, eventually, seven grandchildren and seven great grandchildren). Jared was called back to active duty during the Korean War and the Cuban Missile Crisis

The Jareds' only daughter, Nan, ended up marrying a politics and history buff from Dooly County named Jody Powell. Powell, as press secretary, and Nan, as a volunteer, helped a Georgia state senator and peanut farmer named Jimmy Carter become governor and, in 1976, president of the United States.

Powell, who died in 2009, wrote the foreword to his father-in-law's book. "[Ed] simply wanted to set down his story for those fourteen descendants two or three generations down the line," he explained. "I think he would agree with my hope that

they take from it an understanding, when their lives are difficult and hard, that they come from sturdy stock who have survived and triumphed over worse. Perhaps some day they will ensure that generations to come have benefit of their experiences by taking the time to 'write it down.'"

Thank heavens that Ed Jared wrote down his sentimental and hellacious journey. He got over a lot of humps in his long and esteemed life—and this country is the better for it.

TIMOTHY M. GAY
Vienna, Virginia

The Bombers and the Bombed: Allied Air War Over Europe 1940–1945

by Richard Overy, Viking, 592 pages, $36

RICHARD OVERY'S LATEST BOOK is a rich study of the fitful development of strategic bombing during World War II and its impact on Europe's long suffering civilians. His telling in *The Bombers and the Bombed* captures unexpected, exciting complexity on both sides. Even longtime students of the air war will find much to appreciate in this well-reasoned, surprising, interpretive account of air strategy and its impact.

Overy traces the evolution of American and British strategy from faltering uncertainty and squandered efforts through the smooth city-busting of 1945. From 1939 through 1942, the British Bomber Command tallied results so dismal that German records didn't even include some raids. The book presents many causes for these early dismal results—weak aerial reconnaissance, the limitations of period aircraft, inadequate training, poorly-performing explosives, and inadequate navigation resources. Over time, however, the Allies refined their technology and tactics, as residents of the repeatedly bombed city of Hamburg would have attested.

Overy's interpretation of the February 1945 bombing of Dresden, Germany, and its political and social aftermath suggests that much Allied urban bombing in the spring of 1945 was purely punitive, doing little more than making the rubble bounce. Interviews with German leaders immediately after Berlin's surrender revealed a consensus that the Allied aerial campaign's key targets had been oil, transportation, and air bases. The relentless area bombing of cities was never mentioned. The much-ballyhooed impact of "dehousing" and worker absenteeism on wartime production was actually modest at best.

In retrospect, there seems to be a sense of inevitability in the air war's progress. But Overy successfully evokes the uncertainty of the campaigns at the time, espe-

★ THEATER OF WAR

The Caine Mutiny

Directed by Edward Dmytryk, written by Stanley Roberts from the novel by Herman Wouk, starring Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Robert Francis, May Wynn, Fred MacMurray, 1954, 125 minutes, color, not rated.

WHEN LIEUTENANT Commander Philip Francis Queeg (Humphrey Bogart) takes command of the USS *Caine*, he tells his officers he intends to whip the war-weary destroyer back into shape. Unfortunately, he soon reveals he's not in the best shape himself. During a training exercise he gets so upset over a seaman's untucked shirt that he neglects to deliver orders that will keep the ship from steaming across its towline and losing the target it's towing. He loses his crew's respect. Later, escorting marines to a beachhead under fire, he panics and turns tail too early; his men dub him "Old Yellowstain." Then he discovers that a quart of frozen strawberries has disappeared from the kitchen and turns the ship upside down in an obsessive search for the culprit.

Queeg does attempt to reach out to his officers, but they are already too hostile to him. Lieutenant Tom Keefer (Fred MacMurray), glib and cynical towards all things navy, has filled the ears of Lieutenant Steve Maryk (Van Johnson) with his textbook psychoanalysis of the captain. Certain that Queeg is dangerously paranoid, Keefer persuades Maryk to visit Admiral William Halsey and report his misgivings. But Keefer gets cold feet at the last minute and talks Maryk into canceling the appointment.

Things come to a head when the *Caine* steams into a typhoon. As she threatens to founder, Queeg freezes on the bridge and refuses to change course. Maryk relieves him of command and takes over. Queeg charges him with mutiny.

Acerbic Lieutenant Barney Greenwald (José Ferrer, in a role Henry Fonda made famous on Broadway) reluctantly takes up Maryk's defense. He knows the only way to save Maryk is to destroy Queeg. He's right. During a tense court room faceoff, Queeg's confident façade crumbles under Greenwald's questioning, and he reveals his broken self. Afterwards, a drunken Greenwald crashes the *Caine* officers' post-trial celebration to toss a drink in Keefer's face. By egging Maryk on and poisoning the crew against the captain, Greenwald says, Keefer, not Queeg, was the *Caine*'s true villain.

MacMurray does a great job playing the heel Keefer, but Bogart provides the stand-out performance as a complicated man who fights to hold himself together. "Queeg was not a sadist, not a cruel man," Bogart said. "He was a very sick man. His was a life of frustrations and insecurity. His victories were always small victories." When the cameras rolled, Bogart delivered. His perform-

cially in his recounting of early non-starter proposals, such as firebombing German forests in the wan hope that animals fleeing from the burning woods would eat crops on surrounding farmlands.

On the ground, the people of England rightfully get credit for withstanding the Blitz in 1940. Yet the residents of Berlin and other German cities were no less indefatigable, over a much longer period. Overy analyzes how civil defense groups were organized and how protection for citizens was aggressively achieved—they were required by law to seek shelter during raids.

In Germany, social organizations such as the Hitler Youth involved themselves in fire prevention, helping remove inflammable materials from attics and upper stories. There were plans for everything: replacing ration cards, protection from looting, and even the gathering of broken glass for recycling. The emphasis throughout was on recovery and on sustaining community life. Until late 1944, this was largely successful. In fact, by war's end, the bombing had cemented the bond of the rulers and the ruled rather than causing civil dissatisfaction, as Allied planners had hoped.

The remarkable suppleness in Germany's wartime industry continues to impress. Seventy years ago, Germany was able to triple ball-bearing reserves between January 1943 and January 1944 despite determined Allied raids. Decentralized production and standardized designs contributed to this success. Astonishingly, by the time "ball bearing supply was back to its pre raid level, aircraft production was 58 percent greater, tank production 54 percent," Overy writes. Extreme ingenuity on the part of Nazi head of war production Albert Speer and others continually circumvented logistics bottlenecks for years. For many readers, these will be the most eye-opening portions of this book.

Some of the most interesting material in *The Bombers and the Bombed* concerns the experiences of bombed populations in France and Italy. The situation was particularly complex in France, where resentment toward the German occupiers combined with dissatisfaction with the aerial liberators. Even sympathetic French were dismayed at the disproportionate destruction when the Allies dropped kilotons of explosives on what were essentially tactical targets

Overall, this book will be very rewarding even for readers already knowledgeable about the European air war. The familiar elements are well told, and Overly successfully re-creates the uncertain, conflicted evolution and implementation of Allied strategy. The exploration of Axis life under the bombing is excellent and provides many new insights even for those who've read extensively on the subject.

THOMAS MULLEN
Flemington, New Jersey

ance "electrified the crew," recalled producer Stanley Kramer. "There was utter silence and then they applauded. They were suddenly galvanized into a condition which I don't think they had expected, or if they knew about Bogart, at least they hadn't witnessed it firsthand."

The film's weakest element is the onshore romance between young ensign Willie Keith (Robert Francis) and a nightclub singer (May Wynn) over the objections of Keith's domineering mother. The digression stops the movie cold and should have been tossed overboard.

One of Queeg's defining characteristics was the way he manipulated three ball bearings in his hand when he was nervous. After the shooting ended, Bogart retreated to his yacht to unwind, unaware that his pal Frank Sinatra had hidden hundreds of ball bearings all over the boat. Once the vessel hit the open seas, the steel balls began to bounce and rattle all over the decks. "I could have killed Frankie at first," Bogart said. "But it was a helluva gag."

—TOM HUNTINGTON
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

Operation Paperclip: The Secret Intelligence Program that Brought Nazi Scientists to America
by Annie Jacobsen, Little, Brown and Company, 592 pages, $30

WOULD YOU HIRE somebody who had employed slave labor in his previous job and was responsible for the deaths of thousands of enslaved workers? What if your nation's security depended on your hiring him and a nation competing for his services was your ardent enemy? These weren't hypothetical questions during the waning days of World War II. In many fields, German scientists were years ahead of those in any other nation, and it was an open question whether they would be tried for war crimes, hired by the Americans for their expertise, or hired by the Soviet Union. *Operation Paperclip* explains how the United States dealt with the Nazi scientists and how those deals were covered up.

The book profiles 21 German scientists. Some were fervent Nazis. Ten were members of the infamous SS or SA organizations These weren't men who were ambivalent about Adolf Hitler and his politics. Some of the men were in Hitler's inner circle. Seven of those would stand trial for war crimes. One would be released without trial under mysterious circumstances. One would be convicted of slavery and mass murder, serve some time, and then be released before his sentence expired.

All the German scientists mentioned in *Operation Paperclip* were involved to some extent with the exploitation of people imprisoned in concentration camps. All received employment contracts from the US government. And a few, such as Wernher von Braun, even achieved accolades and honors.

It's impossible to capture the full horror of the crimes perpetrated by Nazi Germany. Perhaps the best approach is the one taken here by author Annie Jacobsen: a simple, matter-of-fact recitation of events. The men profiled in this book used slave labor from concentration camps to build complex and extensive underground factories and assemble V 2 rockets. They also used captives as unwilling subjects in medical experiments and to test the effects of chemical and biological weapons. Tens of thousands died.

The details of the war crimes committed by Hitler's scientists fill the first half of Jacobsen's book, and it reads a bit like a detective novel. Jacobsen does a great job describing how scientists were identified, how many were linked to war crimes, how they were tracked down, and how different factions within the US Army, State Department, and other government entities struggled with the concept of hiring cap-

tured Nazi scientists to work in America.

In 1945, the government established the Joint Intelligence Objectives Agency (JIOA), which consolidated and took charge of several uncoordinated initiatives. JIOA implemented Operation Paperclip, named for the papers attached to each scientist's file by a paperclip, papers that explained why he was useful to the United States despite his past. The goal of Operation Paperclip was to place 1,000 German scientists and technicians in the United States to work for the military, private industry, and, starting in 1947, the CIA. The operation never reached its full quota, but more than 600 scientists eventually received employment contracts.

There is no doubt that the program was productive. Jacobsen explains that German scientists helped the United States send men to the moon and develop and stockpile a deadly chemical, nuclear, and biological arsenal. They helped develop new industrial processes and new "mind control" drugs for the CIA, such as LSD. All these activities were part of the brinksmanship of the Cold War with the Soviet Union.

Rightly fearing public outcry over the employment of former enemies who had been involved in horrible crimes, the American government, and the scientists, kept most details of Operation Paperclip quiet. Inevitably, in their later years, the scientists all denied the extent of their involvement in the Nazi party and their roles in war crimes. In many cases, American colleagues offered unflinching support.

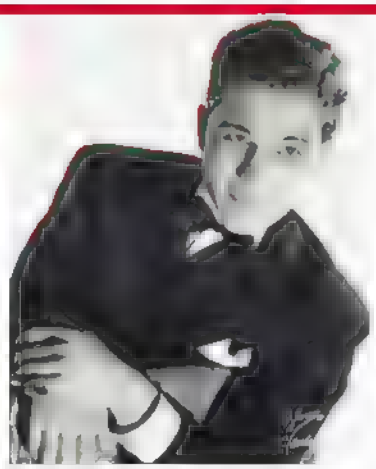
In writing her book, Jacobsen did an extraordinary amount of research, much of it painstakingly gathered through Freedom of Information Act requests. Perhaps more remarkable are the interviews she conducted with descendants of some of the scientists. There is much new material in this book that has never been made public.

Still, the book struggles to answer fundamental questions it raises at the beginning. How should we judge the German scientists who took part in Operation Paperclip? And what about the Americans who managed the program or who advocated employing the scientists? Jacobsen asks whether accomplishment cancels out past crimes. Yet the moral quandary remains: what would the Cold War have been like had the Soviet Union, rather than the United States, exploited these scientists? Although *Operation Paperclip* cannot answer these questions, it brings to light new facts necessary to begin the search for answers.

DREW AMES
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

★ 78 RPM

From Cutting Hair to Cutting Records



THE END OF THE WAR was good for everyone outside Germany and Japan. It was especially good for Perry Como. A few years earlier, he almost gave up singing to be a barber. Now he was selling hundreds of thousands of records.

As the nation welcomed its GIs back from war, Como made return trips into the recording studio to lay down what turned out to be something of a soundtrack for the hard won victory and homecoming. Soon, his baritone was recognized everywhere.

The Como croon hadn't always been so identifiable. When he started his singing career, in the mid-thirties, he was under the spell of the day's dominant crooner, Bing Crosby. He sounded much like Crosby—on purpose. And for the time being, that worked. "I think if it hadn't been for Bing," he later said, "I'd still be cuttin' hair somewhere."

He would always be compared to Crosby, but while fronting the nationally known band of Ted Weems for several years, he developed his own style. But when Weems enlisted in the merchant marine in late 1942, it was almost the end of the music business for Como. He planned to settle into a lifetime of trimming men's hair until a local CBS affiliate hired him to do a weekly radio show. That led to good gigs in big New York City nightclubs. Next came records—made a cappella during the 1942–44 musicians' strike—and increasing radio play.

During the war's final year, it seemed that every song Como put on shellac turned to gold. "Temptation" was his first million seller. "Till the End of Time," with a melody based on Frédéric Chopin's "Heroic" polonaise, reached number one on the charts just as the war was ending. Como later named that song as the turning point of his career.

Como's most intriguing offering that year—maybe ever—was "Dig You Later (A Hubba-Hubba Hubba)." Hitting the charts in December and remaining there into 1946, it was the only song celebrating a WWII event ever to become a hit. In one of its more memorable passages, a chorus sings, "Say, whatever happened to the Japanese?" Como responds "A friend of mine in a 'B-twenty-nine' dropped another load for luck. / As he flew away, he was heard to say, 'A hubba hubba-hubba. Yuk! Yuk!'"

From there things only went upward. Como had two million selling records in 1946, and heading into the fifties, he transitioned smoothly to television. He remained popular into the eighties, with an annual Christmas special airing through 1986.

It was serious success, but Como was skeptical. "I'm convinced it doesn't matter what you do or even how you sing," he once said. "If they like you, you're in." They definitely liked him. And his music, too.

—CARL ZEBROWSKI
editor of *America in WWII*

WWII EVENTS

CALIFORNIA • **Mar. 29, Chino:** Hangar dance and WWII party featuring the Fabulous Esquires Big Band. 1940s attire and uniforms encouraged. 7:30 P.M. to midnight. Planes of Fame Air Museum, 7000 Merrill Avenue. 909-597-3722. www.planesoffame.org

Apr. 5, Chino: "Pioneering Aircraft." Flight exhibition of the Northrop N9MB Flying Wing. 10 A.M. to noon. Planes of Fame Air Museum, 7000 Merrill Avenue. 909-597-3722. www.planesoffame.org

Apr. 5, Palm Springs: "The Last 100 Days of World War II in Europe." Lecture by historian Dr. Edward Gordon. 1 P.M. Palm Springs Air Museum, 745 North Gene Autry Trail. www.palmspringsairmuseum.org

Apr. 12, Palm Springs: "Without Wings: History of Vertical Flight." Lecture traces the historical roots of vertical flight and the modern-day helicopter. 1 P.M. Palm Springs Air Museum, 745 North Gene Autry Trail. 678-364-1110. www.palmspringsairmuseum.org

Apr. 19, Palm Springs: "America's Secret MiG Squadron." Lecture presented by Colonel Gail Peck, developer and first commander of the squadron. 1 P.M. Palm Springs Air Museum, 745 North Gene Autry Trail. www.palmspringsairmuseum.org

GEORGIA • **Apr. 26–27, Peachtree City:** WWII Heritage Days. WWII vehicles, warbirds, exhibits, living history, combat reenactments, speakers, hangar dance, period music and entertainment. 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Hosted by the Commemorative Air Force Dixie Wing. Dixie Wing Historical Air Power Facility, 1200 Echo Court. www.wwiidays.org

LOUISIANA • **Mar. 15–Oct. 12, New Orleans:** "From Barbed Wire to Battlefields: Japanese American Experiences in WWII." Special exhibit showcases stories of Japanese American heroism in the face of extreme hardship. 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. The National WWII Museum, 945 Magazine Street. 504-528-1944. www.nationalww2museum.org

MASSACHUSSETTS • **Mar. 15–16, Fall River:** St. Patrick's Day Weekend at the Cove. Destroyer USS *Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr.*, Irish celebration, scavenger hunt, free prizes. 9 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. Battleship Cove, 5 Water Street. 508-678-1100. www.battleshipcove.org

Apr. 21–25, Fall River: Liberty Week at the Cove. Fun-filled family entertainment and educational activities. 9 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. Battleship Cove, 5 Water Street. 508-678-1100. www.battleshipcove.org

NEW HAMPSHIRE • **Mar. 16, Wolfeboro:** "SeaBees and Their Impact on World War II." Lecture. 2 to 3 P.M. Wright Museum of WWII, 77 Center Street. 603-569-1212. www.wrightmuseum.org

Mar. 23, Wolfeboro: "The M1 Rifle, Up Close and Personal: The Why and How of the Rifle and Its Development." Lecture. 2 to 3 P.M. Wright Museum of WWII, 77 Center Street. 603-569-1212. www.wrightmuseum.org

TEXAS • **Mar. 7, Fredericksburg:** WWII Field Kitchen Exhibit. An authentic re-creation of the front-line dining experience. 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. National Museum of the Pacific War, 340 East Main Street. 830-997-8600. www.pacificwarmuseum.org

Mar. 8–9, Fredericksburg: Pacific combat living history reenactment. Uniformed reenactors demonstrate weapons in a battle simulation. 10:30 A.M., 1 P.M., and 3:30 P.M. Pacific War Museum Combat Zone, East Austin Street, two blocks from the National Museum of the Pacific War, which is at 340 East Main Street. 830-997-8220. www.pacificwarmuseum.org

Please call the numbers provided or visit websites to check on dates, times, locations, and other information before planning trips.

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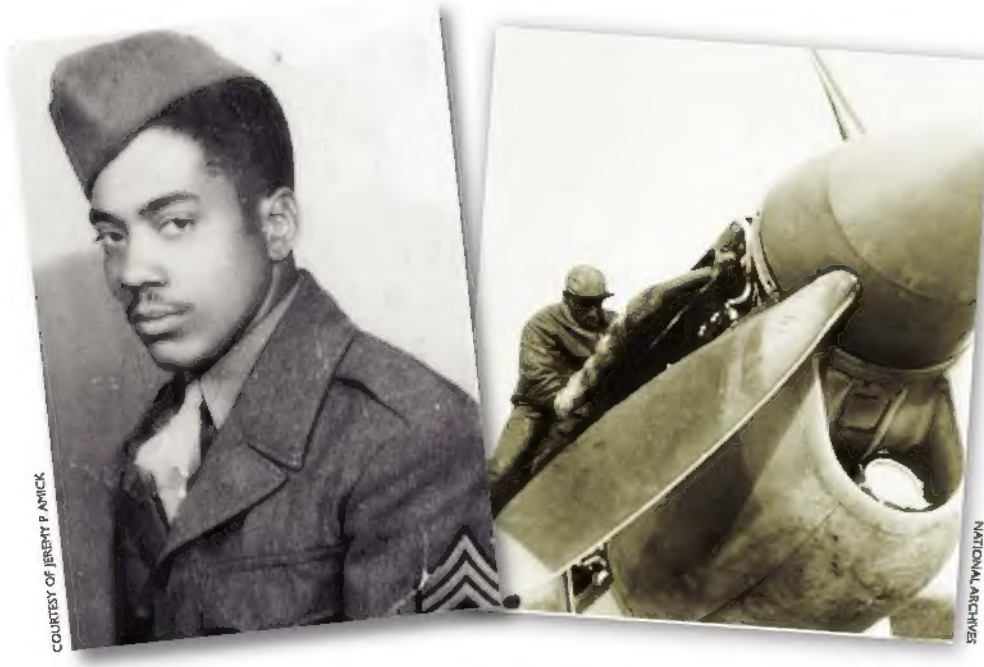
He Kept Red Tails Flying



Left: James Shipley has the dapper look of a fighter pilot. But he was a ground crewman, with the Tuskegee Airmen fighter group. Right: Another Tuskegee ground crewmen works on one of the unit's P-40 Warhawks.

AT 19 YEARS OF AGE, James Shipley had little life experience behind him. That changed fast when he enlisted in the US Army Air Forces in November 1942. Selected to be an aircraft mechanic, he left his home in Tipton, Missouri, for basic training at the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. Next he was off to Nebraska and then Michigan for more training.

Finally arriving in Italy in late January 1944, Shipley reported to the 332nd Fighter Group—part of the famed Tuskegee Airmen, the first group of African American military aviators, later known as the Red Tails for their planes' distinctive appearance. For the next 21 months, Shipley helped keep the 332nd's P-39 Airacobras, P-40 Warhawks, P-47 Thunderbolts, and P-51 Mustangs in top condition.

Initially, says Shipley, the Tuskegee fighters got the lackluster job of flying harbor patrols, scouting for enemy ships and submarines. Later, they were entrusted with escorting US bombers, defending them from enemy fighter planes during long-distance raids into German-held territory. The 332nd escorted more than 200 missions without losing a single bomber and logged 15,533 sorties, destroying 409 enemy aircraft and numerous fuel and ammunition dumps.

When Germany surrendered in May 1945, Shipley remained in Italy with the 332nd, preparing planes and equipment for shipment back to the United States. He returned to New York on October 17, 1945.

After his discharge, Shipley returned to Tipton as a veteran and an experienced mechanic. This opened doors to a career. After several years working in various jobs, he became the sole mechanic for Co-Mo Electric Cooperative in central Missouri. He retired in 1985 after 29 years of employment.

The married father of two finds fulfillment in knowing he and his fellow Tuskegee Airmen rose above racial prejudice and contributed to victory. "If we hadn't eventually joined together as a country and learned to work together as one," he reflects, "we may not have been able to win the war." ★

Submitted by JEREMY P. AMICK *on behalf of Silver Star Families of America, www.silverstarfamilies.org. Adapted by* ALLISON CHARLES, *editorial intern of* America in WWII.

Send your GIs photo and story to editor@americainwwii.com or to: GIs, America in WWII, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109

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